This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 06826544 0

THE

TRACT MAGAZINE,

AND

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY

FOR 1841.

THIRD SERIES.

VOL. VIII.

LONDON:
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;
Instituted 1799.
SOLD AT THE DEPOSITORY, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW,
AND 65, ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD;
AND BY THE BOOKSELLERS.

1841.

815337

LONDON:
Printed by W. Clowes and Sons,
Stamford Street.

INDEX.

PAGE

AFFLICTION, advantage of . 32
Apostate, the..... 142
Are you able to write?.... 19
Atheists, a word or two to. 53
Atonement, the..... 185
BABYLON, remains of 16
Berridge, Rev. J., letter of . 59
Better not 177
Bible, the..... 55
Boy's Bible class, the 198
CALLS of usefulness, on—
A feeble-minded Christian 7
A youthful reader..... 8
One setting a bad example 9
One ignorant of his own heart..... 24
A lodging-house keeper . 25
A young Bible reader .. 44
One negligent of his duties 44
A carpenter 45
One fond of singing 68
One fond of indulging himself 69
A lover of nature 84
One proud of his dress . 85
A workman 103
The lame 104
An ungodly parent 130
Some thoughtless boys.. 131
One calculating on a long life..... 132
The father of a large family..... 146
The son of a Christian parent..... 147
A youth with a birthday present 168
Two aged villagers 169
A young cripple 170
A timid young man..... 171
An injudicious mother .. 206
One well versed in the Scriptures 207
One with a good memory 208
Canadian miller and his wife 76
Careless, J., letters of . 148, 173

PAGE

Cheerfulness, Christian ... 11
Christ, the Divinity of 56
——, the love of..... 109
—— crucified 156
——, the Sun of righteousness..... 228
——, the believer's pilot . 229
Christian acquirements ... 19
————, a 32
————, the, and infidel . 102
————, to an afflicted .. 190
Comfort to the weary and heavy-laden spirit 23
Contrast, a..... 33
Conscience, a good..... 209
————, an evil 210
Conversation between two mothers 222
DAIRYMAN's daughter, the 72
Danger of a false hope.... 94
Daughters, the two 94
Despondency, cure for.... 186
FARMER, the young 123
Following the Lord fully .. 140
France, public worship in . 186
GIN-DRINKING, the road to ruin 120
Glorification of the Christian's body..... 190
God, man's response to ... 31
HENRY, Matthew, extracts from 55
Hint by the way..... 211
Hints to religious professors 123
Humility..... 155
I AM that I Am 235
In chains 159
JUDGMENT, a hasty..... 86
Justification; or, How is a sinner justified? 13
KEEP your head straight .. 154
Keep up to your work 155
LETTER to a sick man 112
Lord's day recollections: 16, 49, 67, 87, 109
Lovest thou me?..... 43
MAN accountable 23

PAGE
Meditations, occasional, by Bishop Hall:—
A great library 1
Full table at a feast 2
Hearing a lute well played on 3
A tree lopped 21
A cancelled bond 21
The challenge of a promise 22
The crowing of a cock.. 41
The coming in of the judge 42
The arraignment of a felon 42
A child crying 61
The singing of a bird... 62
A snake 62
Whetting of a scythe ... 81
A peacock 81
A well-fleeced sheep 82
Thunder 101
Motes in the sun..... 101
A pair of spectacles 102
The ruins of an abbey .. 121
The smell of a rose 122
The change of weather . 122
A loaded cart 141
A man sleeping 141
A drunken man 142
The beginning of a sickness 161
A map of the world 162
Herbs dried 162
A spider and her web... 181
A bright sky full of stars 181
Two trees. 182
The blind and the lame.. 201
The rain and waters.... 201
A dwarf 202
An importunate beggar . 221
An humble beggar 221
An old unthatched cottage 222
Milk carrier, the 106
Milkwoman, the dying 107
Moroseness..... 191
Morrison, the late Dr. R. . 117
My jewels..... 51
NEW year 3
Newton, Rev. J., letter of . 167
Notice to quit 172
November, the first of 202
OBJECTIONS against dying answered 46
Old fashioned people 230

PAGE
PAPAL usurpation..... 212
Poor, the, may be charitable 90
Prayer..... 12
———, the early..... 27
———, a 29
———, encouragement to. 30
———, social..... 60
Precious things 55
Pride..... 71
Prophets, false..... 163
Providence, mysteries of .. 82
RELIGION 40
Religious Tract Society ... 139
Remark, a profitable..... 33
SAVINGS bank, the 188
Scripture, strength of a text of 231
Self-deceivers..... 229
Sermon, the last 231
Sincerity..... 156
Sketches from real life, 63, 125, 163, 213
Sleepers in Zion, a voice to 87
Sligo 234
Snare of the fowler..... 96
Sobriety, Irish..... 111
Song for lovers of strong drink 160
Spider, the 92
Spirit's teaching, the 182
TEXTS misquoted 118
"The Father of lights" .. 80
Time, value of ... 93
To a person bereaved of two children at one time ... 220
Tongue, government of the 227
Tract anecdote 18
———, the changed 211
Tracts at Celebes 218
Transubstantiation 191
Trouble..... 200
Truth 95
UNION of soul and body... 114
VICAR'S letter, the 89
Visit, a pastoral..... 57
WAIT a bit!..... 50
Wheat and the tares, the.. 193
Where does it come from? 11
Why must I be born again? 133
Why are you so anxious?.. 136
Widow, the believing 98
YEAR, beginning of the ... 38

THE

TRACT MAGAZINE,

AND

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A GREAT LIBRARY.

WHAT a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay, or comfort me: it dismays me to think, that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon, there is no end of making many books; this sight verifies it; there is no end indeed, it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul; the agitation whereof cannot but, through time and experience, work out many hidden truths: to suppress these

would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate, these we vent into our papers; what an happiness is it, that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts! That I can, at pleasure, summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat; it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds us to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better-liking must the minds need be. Blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his church.

Now none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A FULL TABLE AT A FEAST.

What great variety is here, of flesh, of fish, of both, of neither! as if both nature and art did strive to pamper us; yet methinks, enough is better than all this; excess is but a burden, as to the provider, so to the guest. It pities and grieves me to think what toil, what charge hath gone to the gathering of all these dainties together; what pain so many poor creatures have been put to in dying for a needless sacrifice to the belly; what a penance must be done by every guest, in sitting out the passage through all these dishes; what a task the stomach must be put to in the concoction of so many mixtures! I am not so austerely scrupulous as to deny the lawfulness of these abundant provisions, upon just occasions. I find my Saviour himself more than once at the feast: this is recorded as well as his one long fast. Doubtless our bountiful God hath given us his creatures, not for necessity only, but for pleasure; but these exceedings would be both rare and moderate; and

when they must be, require no less patience then temperance.

Might I have my option, O God, give me rather a little with peace and love. He whose provision for every day was thirty measures of fine flour, and threescore measures of meal, thirty oxen, an hundred sheep, besides venison, and fowl, yet can pray, Give me the bread of sufficiency. Let me have no perpetual feast, but a good conscience; and from these great preparations (for the health both of soul and body) let me rise rather hungry, than surcharged.

UPON THE HEARING OF A LUTE WELL PLAYED ON.

There may be (for aught we know) infinite inventions of art, the possibility whereof we should hardly ever believe, if they were before reported to us. Had we lived in some rude and remote part of the world, and should have been told that it is possible only by an hollow piece of wood and the entrails of beasts, stirred by the fingers of men, to make so sweet and melodious a noise, we should have thought it utterly incredible; yet now that we see and hear it ordinarily done, we make it no wonder. It is no marvel, if we cannot fore-imagine what kind and means of harmony God will have used by his saints and angels in heaven, when these poor matters seem so strange to our conceits, which yet our very senses are convinced of. O God, thou knowest infinite ways to glorify thyself by thy creatures, which do far transcend our weak and finite capacities; let me wonder at thy wisdom and power, and be more awful in my adorations than curious in my inquiries. *Bishop Hall.*

THE NEW YEAR.

LET US LOOK BACK.

During the past year, on a dark, stormy night, a gallant ship was nearing our coast. Nobly she bore up under the storm, and hardly yielded to the fierceness of the gale till the cry of "breakers ahead," was shouted from the man looking out on the forecastle. It came like a death-knell, and in a moment rang through the ship, and roused every sleeper. The suspense was not long. Hardly had the

trembling souls gathered on the deck, ere a mighty wave lifted up the ship; for a moment she hung "on the broken wave," and in the next moment she was dashed on the rock. The very richness of her cargo made her strike the harder, and the blow shivered her into fragments. The cry of distress was heard on the shore, and the wailings of death rose sharp and clear above the roaring of the waves. But there was no help, and when the morning opened, the wreck, in fragments, was floating ashore, and the bodies of the dead lay rolling in the waves, as they came in and retired. Only two men were saved. The owners lost their cargo, and many widows and orphans were left to poverty and mourning. But it was afterwards discovered, that for some time the captain had not examined his chart, nor had he sounded with the lead. It was all the result of his negligence.

Reader! Did he do right? When you think of the property lost, the lives cut off, the wives and children, and parents who were brought to sorrow, say, Did he do right? You answer, No! no! he was criminally negligent. He was so. But suppose you had been cut off from life during the past year, would you not have made a more dreadful shipwreck, and lost what no ship's cargo could buy, and produced wailings unutterable in eternity? Or, have you daily examined your chart, and measured the waters, and kept your loins girded and your lamp trimmed? Look back upon the year now gone by.

During the past year, a father was seen at the head of a large family. He loved them tenderly; he toiled for them unceasingly; he watched them anxiously. Two of his little ones were already in the grave. At the beginning of the year, he resolved that before the year closed, he would begin family prayer, and daily commend the interests of those immortal souls committed to him, to God. He even looked forward to a favourable week in which to commence. But the week went by, and he did not do his duty. He was looking forward to another convenient season; but before that season came, a messenger was sent to him. At the command of God it came, and at once did its errand. Without an hour's warning, he was a dead man. The widow and the orphans gathered around the corpse, but

they had never heard him pray! He left them, and passed into eternity, and they had never heard him offer one prayer for them!

Reader! Did this man do right? When he meets that family at the judgment-seat of God, will it appear that he did right? Have you friends, near and dear, for whom you have not daily prayed the last year? If so, Is this right? Do conscience and God say you have done right? Look back and see.

During the past year, a man was held up in life, preserved from sickness, fed, clothed, sheltered and surrounded with mercies by God. The man was busy and active all the year; but he did nothing for the glory of his Maker. He spoke many words, some brilliant, some witty, some severe, some cruel, (all of them now living in God's memory)—but he said nothing for the glory of God and the salvation of men. Oh! if what he said, and all he said, during this short year were engraved on a rock to stand for ever, to be read by every passer by, what a record would that be! What a reponsibility is attached to our words! Mornings and evenings have opened and closed in mercy; sabbaths have come with their sweet and solemn calls, but during all the year, this man has lived without God, has not thanked him for his mercies, has not obeyed his voice, has not tried to live for eternity. The year is thrown away. Whatever he may do hereafter, to all eternity he will feel, that the past year has been thrown away. Is this right? Has this man done right?

Reader! Is this man yourself? What a fearful account have you to give for your time, your actions, your influence, your words, your thoughts, for the year now gone! Look back and see!

LET US LOOK FORWARD.

We are now beginning a new year. Should you live through this year, (and that question is one of awful uncertainty,) it will be an important period to you. A year rolling over an immortal and accountable being, will do more than carry him onward towards the judgment. It will do much towards fixing habits upon him which will decide his eternal destiny. The wind let loose upon the ocean for a given period rolls up the waves upon the shore, not merely while

it blows, but the waves continue to roll long after the wind has retired to slumber. Just so one period of time commands another, and one set of habits determine what shall follow; and thus one year, with an iron grasp, takes hold of the year which is to follow. It is this, that will make the coming year so important to my reader. Go through this year with a moral character decidedly wrong, and, should you live, you will find that the next year you are bound in cords that are new, and in withs that are green. This year will have much to do with all future time that you spend on the shores of time, and much to do with the uncounted ages which will meet you, after you have launched on the ocean of eternity.

Pause, then, a moment, and look forward.

If, during this year, some professed Christians shall forget their vows, and have their love grow cold, and go backward, and walk no more with Christ, will they have to say, at the day of accounts, that you aided and encouraged them by your influence, in praying Christ to depart out of our coasts?

If the heart of your minister should faint; if the waters of life flow not in the sanctuary; if the sabbath-school is not a blessing to the youth and children; if those whom you love most are not converted to God; if your own soul lives in darkness and doubts, will these things be owing to you—because you are unfaithful to God and to your own soul?

Look forward, forward, my reader. You now stand on the threshold of a new year. You hail it with joy. You hope to live through it; if you do, Will you redeem the time, and spend it in the fear of God?

You hope to gain property, and to be prospered in business; if so, Will you now promise to use it as the steward of the most high God?

You hope to be surrounded with friends and kindred; if you are, Will you set them an example that will be likely to lead them to Christ, and not to cause them to curse your name and memory for ever?

You hope to have the Lord's day rest, the Bible, the preached word, and the offers of eternal life. I hope and pray that you may. If you do, will you improve these mercies to the salvation of your soul? Oh! give me the promise, before

you lay down this little monitor, that if this year be your last, it shall be improved the best, and that every day you will look forward to your end.

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on a feeble-minded Christian.

Visitor. I HAVE brought you a book, Andrew, calculated to strengthen your mind, and to do you good under your heavy trials. A sailor in a storm looks not so much to the roaring billows, as to the good ship which enables him to surmount them; and God's people, in like manner, should regard their troubles less than the God of all consolation, who can sustain them under every calamity.

Andrew. You are right, but I am so feeble-minded, that the lightest blow from the hand of affliction makes me stagger. I know that it ought not to be so; but I seem to have no strength.

Visitor. Christian men should not be behindhand with worldly men in enduring calamity. Let me tell you of a circumstance of which I have just been reading. A wild-fowl shooter, on the low flat shores opposite the Isle of Wight, pursued his game with such ardour, that before he was aware of the tide coming in, he was surrounded by the water. In whatever direction he ran he was compelled to return, till at last he was cooped up in a little space which every moment grew less. Being a man of some self-possession, he stuck the barrel of the long gun he had with him deep into the mud, and resolved to hold by it until the ebbing of the tide. As he well knew that a common tide would not rise higher than his waist, he considered himself pretty safe, though very uncomfortably situated. The water came nearer and nearer, till it covered the spot on which he stood, and then rippled over his feet. Soon after it gained his knees, his waist, and his bosom. Some circumstances of an uncommon kind occurred to make the tide rise higher than ordinary, and button after button disappeared, till the water ran over his shoulders. What a situation!

"One wide water all around him,
All above him one blue sky."

This was enough to try the stoutest heart; and as he could

not tell how much higher the waters might rise, he gave himself over for lost. Life, however, is too precious to be parted with without a struggle, and he held fast by his long gun that he might not be borne away by the flowing waters. After remaining for some time in this fearful and almost hopeless situation, he suddenly thought that he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear, and never sure was man so delighted at the sight of a button. It was long before he was quite certain that the button was fairly above the water, the waves being blown against him by the wind. At length, a second button appeared, then a third, and, by degrees, the whole of his dress. As the waters fell, his spirits rose, so that he was able to sustain himself by means of his gun, till he could walk with safety to the shore. Now, if a man, deriving no support from religion, could, under such trying circumstances, manifest presence of mind, how much more ought a Christian calmly to endure the greatest dangers. Let the floods of affliction come upon him, let the waves of trouble roll around him, he should still cling to that hope which is "as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast," even the hope of salvation through his Saviour Jesus Christ; nothing doubting that He who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand, will, in his own time, rebuke the overwhelming flood, saying, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed," Job xxxviii. 11.

Andrew. While you are talking with me I feel strong as though I had faith to remove mountains, and power to bear tribulation without murmuring, but when left to myself I shall be weak as water.

Visitor. I hope that I shall not leave you by yourself, but that you will have His presence, who can not only weaken the strongest opposer of his will, but also strengthen the weakest believer who trusts in his mercy.

Call on a youthful Reader.

Visitor. What a heap of books you have on the table. Some of them of little worth, I fear, judging by the first I have taken up. This book of riddles contains many very silly things. Did you ever read "The Believer's Riddle?"

Youth. No, sir, I do not know what you mean.

Visitor. It is a book full of riddles of a different character to those that this little book contains. The riddles are all taken from the Bible; but I will give you one of them.

"I'm sinful, yet I have no sin;
All spotted o'er, yet wholly clean:
Blackness and beauty both I share,
A hellish black, a heavenly fair."

Can you at all make out the meaning of it?

Youth. No, sir, that I am sure I cannot.

Visitor. Well, then, I will explain it to you. A believer in Jesus Christ, one who has been convinced of sin, and who has fled for refuge to the cross, and found mercy, is still a sinner; for all men have sinned, and come short of the glory of God; but yet he is without sin, because God has accepted the atoning sacrifice of his Son for every truly repentant sinner. He is spotted over with the leprosy of evil, for all men have become altogether filthy, from the crown of the head to the sole of the feet; but he is wholly clean, because he is washed, and purified, and made white in the fountain opened for uncleanness. He is black as midnight, when considered in himself, but fair as heaven itself when regarded in the Redeemer. And now having explained one riddle to you, perhaps you will be the more ready to find out another yourself. I will, therefore, leave one with you, and you can tell me your opinion on it when I see you again.

"The work is great I'm called unto,
Yet nothing's left for me to do:
Hence for my work Heaven hath prepared
No wages, yet a great reward."

Call on One setting a bad Example.

Visitor. Come, I have caught you just as you are going out. How is it, Timothy, that you set your neighbours so bad an example? Here are you on God's holy day, vending newspapers, as well as all kinds of trumpery publications, thus drawing away the hearts of those around you from Divine things. This is a bad way of getting a living. You are deceiving yourself if you suppose that it will answer your purpose. Your father, Timothy, was a God-fearing man, and would have shrunk from setting so bad an example.

Timothy. I don't see what my example has to do with

other people. It is not at all likely that other folks will trouble their heads about what I do. If I was a great man it would be another thing.

Visitor. You are wrong, Timothy, altogether, not only in acting as you do, but also in concluding that no one will be injured by it. Look around you, and you will see the effect of example. If a man comes into a neighbourhood and sets up a public-house; if he hoists up the sign of the Black Dog, sands his kitchen floor, keeps a cheerful fire in the grate, hangs the newspaper over the window curtain, piles up his bright pewter pots, so that they may be seen through the opened door, and has "Dealer in foreign spirits" painted on the front of his house, I will be bound for it that you will soon hear the voice of thoughtless beings revelling in intemperance, and soon see the reeling step of the drunkard as he staggers away from his reckless companions. On the other hand, let a place be built for the performance of Divine worship; let a conscientious, faithful, zealous minister of the gospel stand up in the pulpit, and in a few sabbaths you will behold a goodly congregation. The influence of example is great in spreading what is good, or in extending what is evil, and your bad example, I am afraid, will corrupt many, and your bad conduct will injure yourself.

Timothy. I cannot say that I am much afraid of the one or the other.

Visitor. That may be, but you are none the safer on that account. A man's house may be undermined, and he may not know it; a pestilence may be in the air, and he may not see it; an evil may approach, and he may not fear it; but these things are not the less fearful on that account. When the ostrich buries her head in the sand, she does not thereby hide herself from the hunter; nor will your despising God's judgments preserve you from the danger of destruction. But I will say no more. This tract, "Sabbath Occupations," may point out to you a more profitable way of spending the day of sacred rest. Without God's blessing it will do you no good; but with the influence of his Holy Spirit it may remove the scales from your eyes, that you may discern the things that belong to your peace. "It is not right with the soul, if it be not looking to Jesus to be saved from all sin. From the power as well as the guilt of sin, good Lord, deliver us."

WHERE DOES IT COME FROM?

ONE evening I fell into a melancholy fit, shame upon me! shame upon me! What has a Christian to do with melancholy?

As I walked to the window I saw, on the other side of the road, a mother passing by with an infant in her arms. She stopped for a moment, gazed on the face of her little one, and then, with a look of extreme affection, impressed a kiss on the brow of her darling babe. There was a cow and calf going by at the time, the calf trotted close to its mother's heels, first on one side, and then on the other. The cow could not take half a dozen steps without turning round her head with a look of tenderness to her little one. The affection of the mother for her child, and the tenderness of the cow towards her calf, affected me. "What love!" said I to myself; "where does it come from?"

The setting sun in the west was too bright to gaze on, and the red glare on the opposite window-panes was dazzling; but the garden-wall, stuck over with pieces of broken glass-bottles, was so spangled with light, that, for a moment, it reminded me of the walls of the city spoken of in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation, built of jasper, and "garnished with all manner of precious stones." "What glory!" I exclaimed; "where does it come from?"

A rumbling sound was heard, and a heavy-laden cart came by with one horse. The horse was a noble animal; he pulled the cart along seemingly without an effort, walking proudly. His shoulders seemed clad with strength, and his neck "with thunder." "What power!" cried I; "where does it come from?"

I opened the word of God, and read therein some of His words, who spoke as never man spoke. I read also in the prophets and the apostles, and was affected. "What wisdom!" thought I, "what mercy, what tenderness! Where does it come from?"

And is the almighty Author of love, glory, power, and wisdom, the sinner's Friend? yea, *my* friend! and am I melancholy? shame upon me! shame upon me!

CHRISTIAN CHEERFULNESS.

How much should Christians encourage a healthy and hopeful cheerfulness of disposition! As the bee gathers

[illegible] COMMUNION WITH GOD.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

and our unconditional submission to the will, authority, wisdom and goodness, mercy and love of Him, who is, and was, and evermore shall be. Thus our spirits ascend to the heavens, and commune with God. This is the delightful fellowship which the Christian indeed, has with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ; "Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit." In the closet, by the way, in the field, morning, noon, evening, he prays "without ceasing." "My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up." "In the morning shall my prayer anticipate thee." "As for me, I will call upon God, and the Lord shall save me. Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud: and he shall hear my voice." "Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgments." "His praise shall continually be in my mouth." "By Jesus let us offer the sacrifice of praise to God continually." Thus speak the saints of both Testaments. Men may talk about religion, about sound doctrine, about ordinances, about institutions, about everything present and future; but without this communion with God, this habitual devotion of the mind, these constant aspirations, ejaculations, and soarings to the throne of mercy and favour, man is unfit for heaven, and unworthy of the Christian profession. A zealot he may be, orthodox in doctrine, moral in demeanour; but he wants the life and power of Christianity. Meditation on what God has spoken to us, and the out-pourings of our spirits to him, are to the moral man what free respiration in a pure atmosphere is to the physical man—life, health, vigour, beauty.

Campbell.

JUSTIFICATION; OR, HOW IS A SINNER JUSTIFIED?

The moral law, as given by God to man, was designed to be a rule for the regulating of his conduct, both towards the great Lawgiver himself, as his Creator and Ruler, and towards his fellow creatures. We have it thus summed up in two great commandments, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself," Luke x. 27. These commandments being holy,

just, and good, man is bound to keep them perfectly; and if broken by him, he righteously comes under those awful denunciations which are pronounced against the disobedient.

The sinner, having broken these commandments, has become a debtor to the law, and is liable to its penalties. Justice demands satisfaction. A full and ample satisfaction must be made; the law must be honoured, or the sinner must be lost, and that for ever. This satisfaction the sinner could not render, inasmuch as he was the offender; for if he could have kept the law in all its parts, from the time he first broke it, this would not be a sufficient recompence, for there would still be that broken part arrayed against him; hence, says the apostle Paul, "By the deeds of the law, there shall no flesh be justified in his sight." The satisfaction, too, which justice demanded, must be in every way adequate to atone for the mighty dishonour done to God: this the sinner was not in a situation to give, for he is represented in Scripture as being "wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked;" and to show the utter impossibility to save himself, he is said to be "dead in trespasses and sins." Thus he must have remained, his ruin appearing certain, if the God of mercy, against whom he had sinned had not planned a way by which he might be a just God, and yet the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus. He saw the wretched state into which man had plunged himself, and his inability to extricate himself. Love influenced his mind, and pity actuated him for dying men. He saw there was no eye to pity, and his eye pitied; he saw there was no arm to save, and his arm brought salvation. Justice was about to lift her glittering sword to strike the fatal blow, when the still small voice of mercy was heard, saying, "Deliver him from going down to the pit: for I have found a ransom:" a ransom in every way adequate to satisfy the claims of Divine justice. But where was this found? Not among the angels, for them "he charged with folly;" not in the blood of bulls and goats, for they are under the curse; but in the Son of God himself. Hence, God is said to have so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life. The Saviour undertook to become our Surety, and to suffer in our stead. This Surety was accepted

of the Father; hence we hear him saying on several occasions, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." But in order to make a full atonement, it was necessary that He should partake of our nature; this he did by being made bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. It was also necessary, that he should pass through a life of humiliation and suffering, that he should be a man of sorrow, and acquainted with grief, and at last to suffer death on the cursed tree. All this he underwent; and as soon as his voice was heard from the cross, saying, "It is finished," it was then he had fulfilled the law, and made it honourable. Justice was appeased—God was satisfied—and the sinner saved; hence "Christ is the end of the law, for righteousness, to every one that believeth."

Thus the Saviour, on Calvary, wrought out for us, that which we could not for ourselves, a perfect and complete righteousness. A righteousness in every way suited to our case, so that clothed in it, the sinner can appear before God without fear. Thus our sins are, in the sight of the law, imputed to Christ, though he was himself in his human nature wholly free from sin, and his righteousness is imputed to every believer. "For he hath made him to be sin for us, who knew no sin; that we might be made the righteousness of God in him," 2 Cor. v. 21.

Being taught to feel a deep sense of his own sinfulness and inability to save himself, and of the adaptation of the plan of salvation to his case, the repenting sinner comes to Christ, casts himself with simple reliance on him for salvation; receives his righteousness by faith, and wraps himself up in it; and when justice demands satisfaction, he points to the Saviour, as his Surety. "If any man sin," says the apostle, "we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and he is the propitiation for our sins." On this sacrifice the sinner places all his hopes. Here he rests secure, so that even the gates of hell can never prevail against him; and, being justified by faith, he has peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Oh, that it may be our happy privilege, dear reader, to have an interest in this great sacrifice; so that being clothed in the robes of Christ's righteousness, we may at last have an abundant admittance administered to us into that place where sin and sorrow shall be for ever done away. O. B.

LORD'S DAY RECOLLECTIONS—No. I.

"Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity,"
Isa. lvii. 15.

ALMOST every minister of God has, at one time or other, attempted to impress his hearers with some striking figure of eternity. Never do I remember such an arresting description given of it as the following. The minister stood up high in the pulpit, and stretching forward seemed to be looking at something a great distance from him. "Millions of ages," said he, "crowding on millions of ages; millions of ages crowding on millions of ages; and again, millions of ages crowding on millions of ages, are but the beginning of eternity!"

When we think of an eternity of misery, how should i move us to "flee from the wrath to come!" When we reflect on an eternity of joy, how should it fill our mouths with thanksgiving, and our hearts with praise!

THE REMAINS OF BABYLON,

AS DESCRIBED BY A MODERN TRAVELLER.

THE ruins of Babylon, as they are supposed to be, consist of an immense extent of low rounded mounds, of which, upon the bank of the Euphrates, the lofty mass, called the Birse Nimrood, is pre-eminent. On the left is the Mujellibeh; directly south of this is the Kasr, a heap of buildings, supposed to represent the great imperial palace with the hanging gardens; close to which is a considerable mass of mounds, which some imagine to be a smaller palace. Still farther south is the hill of Amrân, a more extensive, though less lofty mass than the last, which must contain the reliques of many and important edifices. To the E.N.E., about six miles from the Mujellibeh, is an insulated and conical mound, named Al Heimer; and lastly, a considerable conical mound, called the Tuebo, and by some considered the N.E. angle of the ancient city, stands about fifteen miles to the north of those just enumerated. There are, besides, a vast number of inferior heaps, some of which indicate the courses of canals, and some are the remains of ramparts which probably enclosed and defended the principal edifices.

The Mujellibeh is a solid quadrangular mound, the sides of which face the cardinal points. Its height has been estimated at 140 feet. It is now but a mass of crumbled and crumbling bricks, both raw and fire-baked, mingled with the usual débris of pottery, glass, and slag, in a confusion worthy of its name, which, according to some, is a corruption of

Muhallibeh, or "the overturned." The under part appears to have been pierced by continuous rows of small vaults of chambers. Mr. Rich found in them earthenware, coffins with skeletons, and urns, which favour the opinion that it had, at some time, been used as a receptacle for the dead. The summit is very unequal, and riven, like the sides, into holes and furrows, in some of which can be seen the form and structure of the brick-work, both sun and fire-dried, of which it is composed. From hence a wide and desolate view is obtained. A multitude of mounds and canals stretch on all sides as far as the eye can reach.

Whatever beauty or splendour there may have been in the original fabric of El Kasr, or "the palace," it is now buried in ignoble heaps of broken bricks and pottery; an utterly shapeless mass of rubbish alone remains, cut into numberless ravines, and dug into great holes, in both of which the hands of the Arabs have assisted the effects of the weather. In one of these cavities was the elephant of grey or black granite, which was discovered by Mr. Rich; but it is fast sinking back into the rubbish from whence it was dug, and probably will, ere long, be covered up from view.

Babylon, though utterly ruined, and the haunt of loathsome creatures, is not altogether deprived of the vestiges of man's vicinity; you see villages and date groves, and cultivation in various places around, and the walls of Hillah remind one that something of a city exists within view, so that the image of utter desolation is disturbed.

The Birse Nimrood, supposed to be the remains of the Tower of Babel, is seen as a lofty irregular pillar, built upon an earthen hill, and rising from a vast level desert. On nearer approach, you discover that the supposed earthen mound is in reality a mass of sun-dried bricks, mixed with fragments of kiln-dried bricks, of various colours, yellow and red, out of which protrudes a lofty mass of the most exquisite brick masonry, which is the pillar aforesaid. The height of the mound is two hundred feet above the level of the plain, while the pillar attains thirty-five feet more. To trace the design seems impossible, because both top and sides are covered with the débris that ages have caused to moulder down, leaving only the corners of the solid brickwork here and there appearing. The most striking objects are the remarkable blackened and partly vitrified masses which appear to have fallen from some greater height than any which now remains. They consist of brickwork, but so much influenced by the action of fire, as to have lost their original character. Even the division between brick and brick has been so much obliterated as to be often indiscernible, and the whole has been converted into a solid mass of the hardest texture.

What have these fire-scathed masses been, and by what means came they to be exposed to so overpowering a degree of heat as they must have undergone? How could that have been applied at the height they must have occupied when in their proper place? We have no scriptural authority for believing that the Temple of Belus was destroyed by any supernatural manifestation of Divine power; but the Arabs have a tradition that the Birs was destroyed by fire from heaven. The view from this elevated station is correspondingly extensive and impressive. At five hours distance appeared a modern building, erected over the tomb of the prophet Ezekiel, to which the Jews go on pilgrimage. On the whole, the Birs is a most striking ruin—fallen greatness abandoned to utter desertion. The whole amount of bushes or herbage on the tract occupied by the ruins, consists of no more than a few salsuginous plants, or a bit of tamarisk on the side of a canal.

Nothing proves more unanswerably the antiquity of these ruins, or presents a more interesting view of the succession of nations by whom they have been tenanted, than the distinct varieties of antiques and reliques found among them. Cylinders and seals, marked with the uniform or arrow-headed characters common to the bricks of Babylon, the ruins of Persepolis, and those of Koordistan and Armenia; the more choice, and sometimes most exquisitely executed cameos and intaglios of the Greek artists, together with coins and ornaments of the same era; others, the subjects of which indicate them as productions of the Roman chisel, and the well known costume and character of the dynasty of the Sassanides; all are found in abundance, and offered for sale to travellers. *Fraser's Koordistan*, Vol. II.

How fully the above testifies to the fulfilment of the prophecies recorded in the Bible respecting this mighty city!

A TRACT ANECDOTE.

In Bradford, Yorkshire, I have the blessed privilege of sowing your tracts; I have done so for some time: at last seed has sprung up to the glory of God. One day I put a tract, one of your handbills, into a parcel of goods which I sold, being by trade a draper; the tract was taken home by the purchaser. When she went home to Heaton, a small village near Bradford, one of her daughters went to open the parcel to see what fine goods she had been buying. When she saw this little messenger of salvation, she said to her mother, "Here is a paper inside, what is this?" "Why," says the mother, "it is something about their cheap stuff at Bradford." The daughter then looked at the paper, as she

thought about the cheap stuff. But she says to the mother, "It is about religion." "Well," says the mother, "let us hear it read." The daughter went to the fire-side, and read the tract, when, through the blessing of God, she became alarmed under the word, and began to inquire, What must I do to be saved? She has now found peace through faith in Christ, and this little means led to her sound conversion to God.—P. M. R.

ARE YOU ABLE TO WRITE?

This can hardly be considered an unnecessary question, when indisputable records show, that one-third of the men, and nearly half of the women at the present time, in England and Wales, are unable to write their names, or at least write so imperfectly that they are unwilling to show their inability. Surely there is not yet too much of education. It is calculated on good grounds, that in China a larger proportion of the people can write than in England.

The returns of the several Registrars of Marriages, up to June 30, 1839, exhibit the following results:—

Number of marriages registered in the year .	121,083
Of the persons married we find—	
Unable to write their names, Men	40,587
" " Women . . .	58,959

In this particular, the returns indicate a decided superiority as to education in London; and next, in the North of England; the greatest deficiencies are in Lancashire and Wales.

Surely this statement should encourage the reader to assist in establishing evening schools, where this important instruction may be given. We need not say that writing never ought to be taught on the Lord's day, though it is desirable to have evening classes on other days than the sabbath, for instructing Sunday scholars in this necessary qualification.

CHRISTIAN ACQUIREMENTS; OR, A LESSON FOR EVERY DAY IN EVERY MONTH.

But ill-prepar'd we enter on the day,
If grace incline us not to watch, and pray;
To arm for fight; to grasp the Spirit's sword;
And read our duty in God's holy word.
There what to shun with anxious care we trace,
And how to follow every Christian grace.
Lo! Faith[1] in living letters there engrav'd!
"Believe on Jesus, and thou shalt be sav'd."
Hope,[2] "entering into that within the veil,"
Shall guard thy brows with helm of burnish'd mail;

1, 2. See next page.

And Love, unfailing LOVE[3] shall then impart
Constraining motives to the willing heart.
Let moral COURAGE[4] brace thy sinews still;
And KNOWLEDGE[5] teach thee Heaven's discover'd will
In temperate SELF-CONTROL[6] lies Wisdom's root;
And favour'd MEEKNESS[7] plucks her choicest fruit.
Let GENTLENESS[8] each angry thought restrain;
LONG-SUFFERING[8] shall turn thy wrongs to gain.
Put on, belov'd! tow'rds all of human kind,
Bowels of MERCY[9], HUMBLENESS[9] of mind:
But in the secret presence of her God
Let deep REPENTANCE[10] kiss the chastening rod.
Gird TRUTH[11] about thee, simple and sincere:
Let thine INTEGRITY[11] shine bright and clear.
If inward PURITY[12] thy heart possess
Thou shalt see God, and follow GODLINESS;[13]
GOODNESS[14] shall mark each step thy feet have trod;
LOVE for the BRETHREN[15] stamp thee lov'd of God.
Then let thy days be wisely number'd[16] through,
And do with vigour all[17] thou hast to do;
Attentive still thy present[18] state to know,
And learning much from former[19] weal or woe,
Improve thy substance[20] for the great account,
And give or lend, not squander the amount.
Cast every anxious[21] future care on Heaven,
And prize the blessings[22] at this moment given.
The sacred trust of friendship[23] dare not break,
Still prompt[24] to hear, but ever slow[24] to speak:—
Then, though thy portion be among the least,
A MERRY-HEART[25] shall spread a constant feast;
Then, though the storms of life around thee lower,
Abiding PEACE[26] shall cheer thy darkest hour;
And JOY[26] unspeakable thy soul sustain
Through Death's dark valley and the' expiring pain.

W. W. I

[1] I.—2 Pet. i. 5.
[2] II.—1 Thess. v. 8.
[3] III.—Gal. v. 22.
[4] IV.—2 Pet. i. 5. (virtue)
[5] V.—2 Pet. i. 6.
[6] VI.—Gal. v. 23.
[7] VII. Matt. v. 5.
[8] VIII. IX.—Gal. v. 22.
[9] X. XI.—Col. iii. 12.
[10] XII.—Luke xv. 10.
[11] XIII. XIV.—Eph. vi. 14.
[12] XV.—Matt. v. 8.
[13] XVI.—1 Tim. vi. 11.
[14] XVII.—Gal. v. 22.
[15] XVIII.—1 John. iii. 14.
[16] XIX.—Psa. xc. 12.
[17] XX.—Eccl. ix. 10.
[18] XXI.—2 Cor. xiii. 5.
[19] XXII.—Heb. x. 32.
[20] XXIII.—Luke xvi. 9.
[21] XXIV.—1 Pet. v. 7.
[22] XXV.—Eph. v. 20.
[23] XXVI.—Prov. xi. 13.
[24] XXVII. XXVIII.—James i.
[25] XXIX.—Prov. xv. 15.
[26] XXX. XXXI.—Gal. v. 22.

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A TREE LOPPED.

In the lopping of these trees, experience and good husbandry hath taught men to leave one bough still growing in the top, the better to draw up the sap from the root. The like wisdom is fit to be observed in censures, which are intended altogether for reformation, not for destruction. So must they be inflicted, that the patient be not utterly discouraged and stripped of hope and comfort, but that, while he suffereth, he may feel his good tendered, and his amendment both aimed at and expected. O God, if thou shouldst deal with me as I deserve, thou shouldst not only shred my boughs, but cut down my stock, and stock up my root; and yet thou dost but prune my superfluous branches, and cherishest the rest. How unworthy am I of this mercy, if, while thou art thus indulgent unto me, I be severe and cruel to others, perhaps less ill deserving than myself!

UPON A CANCELLED BOND.

While this obligation was in force, I was in servitude to my parchment; my bond was doubled to a payment, to a

penalty; now that is discharged, what is it better than a waste scroll, regarded for nothing but the witness of its own voidance and nullity! No otherwise is it with the severe law of my Creator: out of Christ it stands in full force, and binds me over either to perfect obedience, which I cannot possibly perform, or to exquisite torment and eternal death, which I am never able to endure. But now, that my Saviour hath fastened it cancelled to his cross, (in respect to the rigour and malediction of it,) I look upon it as the monument of my past danger and bondage: I know by it how much was owed by me, how much is paid for me; the direction of it is everlasting, the obligation (by it) unto death is frustrate: I am free from curse, who never can be free from obedience. O Saviour, take thou glory, and give me peace.

UPON THE CHALLENGE OF A PROMISE.

It is true, an honest man's word must be his master; when I have promised, I am indebted; and debts may be claimed, must be paid; but yet, there is a great deal of difference in our engagements: some things we promise because they are due, some things are only due because they are promised. These latter, which are but the mere engagements of courtesy, cannot so absolutely bind us, that notwithstanding any intervention of unworthiness or misbehaviour in the person expectant, we are tied to make our word good, though to the cutting of our own throats. All favourable promises presuppose a capacity in the receiver; where that palpably faileth, common equity sets us free. I promised to send a fair sword to my friend; he is, since that time, turned frantic; must I send it, or be charged with unfaithfulness if I send it not? O God, thy title is the God of truth; thou canst no more cease to be faithful than to be. How oft hast thou promised that no good thing shall be wanting to thine; and yet we know thy dearest children have complained of want? Is thy word, therefore, challengeable? Far, far, be this wicked presumption from our thoughts. No; these, thy promises of outward favours, are never but with a subintelligence of a condition; of our capableness, of our experience. Thou seest that plenty or ease would be our bane; thy love forbears to satisfy us with

an harmless blessing. We are worthy to be plagued with prejudicial kindnesses, if we do not acknowledge thy wisdom and care in our want. It is enough for us that thy best mercies are our dues because thy promises; we cannot too much claim that which thou hast absolutely engaged thyself to give, and in giving shalt make us eternally happy. *From Bp. Hall.*

COMFORT TO THE WEARY AND HEAVY LADEN SPIRIT.

In the first place I would say unto thee, Do not think that your case is singular. Many have been thus tried before you. God hath not cast off for ever. His mercy is not clean gone. He will be favourable unto thee. Look upon this as his messenger to comfort you.

Secondly. Art thou saying, in the bitterness of thy soul, Oh that I could love God, and love him more and more? Well, the way to do this is the same as if you wished to love your parents or any earthly relation. Love is an affection which will not force. Think upon what He is in himself, and what He has done for thee. View Him in the gift of his Son to save thee. God is no where else to be seen but in Christ. He is the image of the invisible God. God stooping to the senses and speaking to the heart of man. Contemplate Christ then: think of Him when on our earth, going in and out among men. Take a particular part of his life, in which he manifested much of his heart. Ponder it. Think of Him at the gate of Nain—at the grave of Lazarus—at the last supper with his disciples—and on the cross, when he prayed for his murderers, and commended his mother to John. Think of the more than human love and tenderness here displayed, and say to your heart, such is God, the God I am called to love. "We love Him, because He first loved us," 1 John iv. 19.

Thirdly. You are saying, I desire to serve and glorify Him, to make it my delight to do His will. No one can have such desire but a Christian. If you act upon this, depend upon it your state will speedily improve. God is too good a master to let his servants work without wages, or to require them to make bricks without straw. Devote yourself to His glory in the way of all appointed duty. If we mind

God's interests, He will assuredly mind ours. We can never attain our own ends by selfishly pursuing them.

Fourthly. Remember the ignorance and forgetfulness which keep many wandering in darkness and misery. The ground of hope and comfort is not within, but without you. I may not be authorized to say that you are a Christian; it may not be my duty to do so. You may be an unconverted sinner. What then? There is comfort in the gospel for you just now. You have only to understand and believe the good news in order to have peace and joy, unless your mind be affected by bodily disease. Look away, then, from yourself, and rivet your eyes on Christ and Him crucified.

Fifthly. Is your mind filled with atheistical and other evil thoughts? The way to be freed from them is, by keeping in other and opposite thoughts. Keep the mind filled with the things of Christ.

Sixthly. Take care of your bodily health. Take air and exercise; be moderate and careful as to your digestive powers, and try to keep your spirits cheerful. Farewell!

A FRIEND.

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on one ignorant of his own Heart.

Visitor. I AM come for the tract that I left with you, Jeffrey, and hope that you and your wife have read it, that I may change it for another.

Jeffrey. Yes, I have read the tract; but it tells me a good deal more than I can take in. It tells me that I have got a bad heart. Now, I don't mean to say that I am better than my neighbours, but my heart is not so bad as this tract makes it out to be.

Visitor. If your heart is not bad, it is the only good one, unchanged by God's grace, that I ever heard of. What the tract tells you is quite true, Jeffrey.

Jeffrey. I believe that if my heart had anything bad in it, I should know it.

Visitor. That is not quite so certain as you may suppose. Many a time have you been in a dark cellar without seeing a single spider or a cobweb there; but if you had taken a candle and searched it well, no doubt you might have found plenty of both the one and the other.

Jeffrey. Yes, but my heart is not like a dark cellar,

wherein one can see nothing. It's more like this room, wherein one can see everything.

Visitor. Well, we may liken it to this room, if you please, and yet I say that there may be much in it of which you are ignorant.

Jeffrey. I can't understand that. If you can prove that there is anything in this room that I can't see in the broad daylight, then I will believe, and not before, that I am ignorant of many things that are in my heart.

Visitor. Agreed, Jeffrey. Now, can you see that ten thousand times ten thousand particles of dust are flying about before your eyes, and that the whole room is filled with them.

Jeffrey. No, I cannot; and for a pretty good reason, for I believe that it is not the case.

Visitor. Come here, then, and look attentively at this sunbeam, which darts into the room through the keyhole. You see that there are myriads of particles all in commotion; put your hand before the keyhole, and keep out the sunbeam. There! now you cannot see a speck of dust. Take your hand away again. See, they are as thick as before. The sunbeam has showed you that the room contains more than you were willing to believe. This is just the case with the heart, Jeffrey. The natural discernment is not sufficient to show us the evil it contains; but when the Spirit of God instructs us, when a beam from above descends upon us, and renders visible the evil within us, we find that the heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked." I will leave the tract with you a little longer, give it another reading. "If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us. If we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness," 1 John i. 8, 9.

Call on a Lodging-house Keeper.

Visitor. Your poor little girl here has had a fall, but I hope she is more frightened than hurt. I came home with her as she seemed to walk with some difficulty; but now she walks better.

Mrs. Townsend. Thank you, sir! Thank you, sir! Why how could you tumble, child? Are you hurt?

Mary. I was at first, mother, but it is gone off; the gentleman picked me up, and was very kind to me.

Mrs. Townsend. I am much obliged to you, sir.

Visitor. I should be glad to do your little girl a greater kindness. She tells me that you keep a lodging-house.

Mrs. Townsend. Yes, I have just begun, but I cannot tell how it will answer.

Visitor. Should you feel offended if I were to make an observation or two about lodging-houses?

Mrs. Townsend. No, sir; I shall be very glad to hear them.

Visitor. Well, then, I will do so. Once I was a lodger myself, and some things added much to my discomfort. Other lodgers, no doubt, are as much inconvenienced by such things as I have been; you may, therefore, glean a useful hint or two from my remarks. Some persons who let lodgings are upright, respectable people; others are sordid and dishonest. I have known some of both descriptions. In the first place I would remark, that most people have some peculiarity. Every man, as well as every child, has his hobby-horse; and if there be nothing sinful, and nothing that trespasses on the happiness of another in this peculiarity, it may reasonably be indulged. One man loves to have his meals at certain hours; another likes to have his food cooked in a certain way; a third has a strong objection to the smoke of tobacco; and a fourth is not happy if his room is either dirty or in confusion. It is the duty and interest of one who lets lodgings to observe these peculiarities, and to act accordingly, so as to increase the comfort of her lodgers.

Great attention is often paid to a new lodger. A new broom sweeps clean; but in a little time there is a falling off in this attention, and by degrees he is much neglected; this conduct is neither pleasant nor just.

Frequently a disposition to tattle and gossip is indulged in, at the lodger's expense. I once was in an adjoining room, when my landlady thought that I had gone out. A neighbour came in, and I heard more of myself, of my character, of my business, of my connexions, and of my faults, than I ever knew before. This is acting deceitfully.

A neglect of cleanliness in cookery and other things is unbearable. I have had dirty and stagnant water brought me to wash with; toast brought to table with black holes in

it, showing me that the toasting fork had been used as a poker; and many such trifling but disagreeable matters have I been annoyed by.

It is too common a thing for landladies to make free with the provisions of their lodgers. I have had my bread and my butter sensibly diminished, my tea and my coffee taken, my preserves eaten, and my home-made wine drank day after day. Once I loosened the cork of a bottle of wine, on purpose to know whether my landlady was honest or not. The first time I went to my cupboard a glass was gone from the wine; in a little time after another glass was taken, and thus in a few days the whole bottle was drained to the bottom without my having tasted a single drop; this was barefaced dishonesty.

Too often do landladies peep into their lodgers' drawers, read their letters, and pilfer what is not likely to be missed. Where can be the conscience of a landlady who acts in this manner?

Then the spirit of overreaching and extortion, charging not only to the uttermost farthing, but beyond it on various pretences; and lastly, an unmerciful and cruel propensity to urge the payment of a bill when circumstances of disappointment on the part of the lodger may have taken place, reckless of what pain is inflicted, and greedily grasping for gain. Mrs. Townsend, I hope, in a judgment of charity, that you are free from all these irregularities. There are temptations in your line of life, and you live by your lodgings; but an honest penny is worth a dishonest pound; and I hope that your lodging-house will be a pattern of regularity, attention, cleanliness, discretion, uprightness, kindness, and piety; for without the last quality the others will hang on a slender thread. Take in good part, Mrs. Townsend, what I have said with a real desire to do you good; and may He who can abundantly bless you temporally and spiritually, give you prosperity in this world, and a happy immortality in that which is to come.

THE EARLY PRAYER.

From the Sunday-School Journal, North America.

I WAS struck with the truth of the following remark:—The seeds of religious instruction, planted in the breast of the almost infant child, though for a while apparently dead

and rooted out, may, at some future time, spring up, and yield abundant fruit. I have heard of more instances than one in which this has been the case. Suffer me to relate an instance of a young man, with whom I was very intimate, and who was led, when about nineteen, to seek a preparation for "the better rest in heaven." I will give his own words, as well as I can recollect them.

"When I was about five years old," said he, "my mother (now a saint in heaven) took me by the hand, and led me, with a younger brother, into her room: here she took a seat, and bade me kneel, with my head upon her lap, while I repeated after her the Lord's prayer. I remember the moment as distinctly as if it were but yesterday, nor shall I ever forget it: no, the effect of that scene, I hope, has been too great for me ever to cease to regard it with pleasure and gratitude. This exercise was continued until I had learned this prayer, when she bade me never to retire at night without repeating it. I obeyed her injunctions, with occasional intermissions, until I was about fifteen. I then ceased repeating it, though I seldom, if ever, went to sleep without being convicted for my neglect; and indeed, sometimes even after I had prepared myself for sleep, I could not rest without hurrying through it, even as I lay. In the mean time my mother was called, unexpectedly to us, though I believe not to her, away from earth. Still it had no influence for good over me, and I was fast becoming one of those wicked, frivolous beings, whose every thought 'to this poor world was given,' and who, from not being notoriously bad, I mean in the sense understood by the world, are seldom led to see themselves in a proper light. But I seldom forgot the hour of prayer, though I still seldomer repeated it. Thus it went on for some time, until I could stand it no longer—pray I must, and yet I felt ashamed to do so before my brother, who occupied the same room with me; at first I said a very short and hurried prayer, generally when he could not see me. At last all shame, all fear of reproach, was gone; I fell down, confessed my sins, and felt relieved. And now, thanks to my heavenly Father! I feel I have an interest in true religion, which perhaps I never should have had, but for the religious instruction I early received, and the injunctions of my mother to pray every night."

Such was the substance of what he repeated to me. Indeed, mothers have but little idea of the heavy responsibility

which rests upon them in this particular. Oh, that the experience of this individual may have a tendency to induce mothers to instil piety and correct views of the Divine character early into the minds of their children! for though no immediate effect may be produced, yet the seed thus sown will ever remain, and with a little future attention and cultivation, will, under God, spring up, and prove a blessing.

R.

A PRAYER.

THE COMMAND.	THE PROMISE.	THE THREATENING.
"Pray without ceasing. In every thing give thanks," 1 Thess. v. 17, 18.	"If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it," John xiv. 14.	"Pour out thy fury upon the FAMILIES that call not on thy name," Jer. x. 25.

O GOD the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost, three Persons and one Jehovah, have mercy upon me, a miserable sinner. Suffer me not to mock thee with my lips, but give me grace to worship thee in the beauty of holiness. Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me; for thou hast said, Except a man be born again of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. Enable me to feel my spiritual disease by nature, and my recovery by grace; and oh save me from the wrath to come. Thou knowest every thought, hearest every word, and seest every action, and I have broken thy commandments times without number: blot out, therefore, my sins, I beseech thee, by the precious blood of Jesus. And because heaven is a prepared place for prepared persons, and it is written, "Without holiness no man shall see the Lord," do thou sanctify me by the Holy Spirit, as my meetness for eternal glory, and clothe me with Emmanuel's righteousness, as my only title to it. Give me grace to fulfil my baptismal covenant, and indeed to fight manfully against sin, the world, and the devil, being Christ's faithful soldier and servant unto my life's end. Enlighten my understanding to understand the Scriptures, and make them profitable to my eternal salvation, through faith in Christ Jesus. May I daily take thy word as al amp unto my feet, and a light unto my paths, esteeming it sweeter than honey and the honey-comb, and dearer than thousands of gold and silver. Bless the rising generation with its saving knowledge, and grant them, through its means, the unsearchable riches of Christ. Make me thankful, O Lord,

for my blessings, temporal and spiritual, knowing that of mercies I have unspeakably more, and of trials unspeakably less, than I deserve. Give me grace to love thee with my whole heart, and to give up myself unreservedly to thy service. Bless, I beseech thee, my relations, friends, and enemies, in time and eternity; make them living branches of Jesus the true Vine. Extend thy favours to our guilty land; direct its rulers to promote the welfare of the people, and the glory of thy Holy Name. Have mercy on the sick and afflicted, and sanctify to them their trials. Look down with compassion upon a world lying in the wicked one, and daily add numbers, both of Jews and Gentiles, to thy spiritual church. For this end, O Lord, be pleased to prosper all societies that are formed for their benefit. Show to them that be in error the light of thy truth; and hasten that glorious period, when the whole earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the seas. And, finally, at the last great and terrible day, when the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and all mankind shall stand before the judgment seat of Christ, grant that I, and all for whom I ought to pray, may hear the joyful sentence, Come, ye blessed children of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. I humbly ask these blessings for the alone sake and merits of Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour and Redeemer. Amen.—Our Father which art in heaven, etc.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO REAL PRAYER, FROM EVERY BOOK IN THE BIBLE.

Gen. xxxii. 24—29. *Exod.* ii. 23—25. *Lev.* ix. 22—24. *Num.* xvi. 44—48. *Deut.* ix. 18—20. *Josh.* x. 12—14. *Judg.* x. 15, 16. *Ruth* ii. 12. 1 *Sam.* i. 27, 28. 2 *Sam.* xii. 13. 1 *Kings* xvii. 20—22. 2 *Kings* xiii. 4. 1 *Chron.* xxi. 26, 27. 2 *Chron.* xxx. 18—20. *Ezra* ix. 5—9. *Neh.* ii. 4—6. *Esther* vii. 3—5. *Job* xxii. 27. *Psa.* xxxiv. 4—19. *Prov.* ii. 2—5. *Eccles.* viii. 12. *Sol. Song* iv. 16; v. 1. *Isa.* xxxviii. 1—5. *Jer.* xxix. 12. *Lam.* iii. 22—25. *Ezek.* xxxvi. 37. *Dan.* vi. 10—23. *Hos.* xiv. 1—8. *Joel* ii. 32. *Amos* v. 4. *Obad.* 17. *Jonah* ii. 1—10. *Mic.* vii. 7—9. *Nahum* i. 7. *Hab.* iii. 2—18. *Zeph.* iii. 8—12. *Hag.* i. 12, 13. *Zech.* ix. 12. *Mal.* iii. 16, 17. *Matt.* vii. 7—11. *Mark* v. 22—42. *Luke* xi. 9—13. *John* xiv. 13, 14. *Acts* xii. 5—11. *Rom.* x. 12, 13. 1 *Cor.* xv. 57. 2 *Cor.* xii. 7—10. *Gal.* vi. 7—9. *Eph.* vi. 18—20. *Phil.* iv. 6, 7. *Col.* iv. 2—4. 1 *Thess.* v. 17. 2 *Thess.* iii. 1, 2. 1 *Tim.* ii. 1—8. 2 *Tim.* i. 3. *Titus* ii. 7, 8. *Philem.* 4. *Heb.* iv. 15, 16. *James* i. 5—8. 1 *Pet.* iii. 12. 2 *Pet.* i. 10. 1 *John* v. 14, 15. 2 *John* 8. 3 *John* 2. Marg. *Jude* 20. *Rev.* viii. 3, 4.

MAN'S RESPONSE TO GOD.

"WHOM, though I were righteous, yet would I not answer," Job ix. 15. His supposition hath a negation in it, I am not righteous. Job did not deny the work of the Spirit, or the grace of God in him; but he would not own them in his pleadings with God. He could stand upon his terms with men, and let them know who he was and what he had done, (and it was reasonable he should,) but before God he had nothing to mention but Christ. In reference to the higher degree of grace for sanctification, we must forget all that is behind, and press on to that which is before, Phil. iii. 13, 14. And in reference to the whole grace of justification, we must forget all our sanctification. The less we remember our own righteousness, the more righteous we are in Christ. As we abate in ourselves, we increase in him. Christ draws the picture of an hypocrite to the life, Luke xviii. in the parable of a Pharisee and a publican going to the temple to pray; and the design of Christ in that parable, is held forth at ver. 9 to be the conviction of such as "trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others." Now what did this Pharisee? He thanks God he was not as other men, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or as that publican; and then he reminds God that he gave tithes, and kept fasts twice a week; and so makes a goodly report of himself, both in the negative and in the affirmative, what he was and what he was not. Never did any good man tell God such a story of his own life as the Pharisee told. The saints love to do well, more than to hear well from others, much more than to hear well from themselves; they love to do good, more than to receive good, much more than to speak good of themselves. When Christ is represented sitting in judgment, Matt. xxv. 35, he tells the faithful of all their good deeds or acts of charity; "I was an hungered, and ye gave me meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger, and ye took me in: naked, and ye clothed me," etc. Hear how the saints answer, as if they had done no such thing: "When was this, Lord? When saw we thee hungry, and fed thee? We have forgot the time." They did so little mind the good they had done, that they remembered not they ever did it. The Lord keeps a faithful record of what his people do, but themselves do not. It is our duty to remember to do good, but let God alone to

remember the good we have done. The Lord is not unrighteous to forget our labour of love, Heb. vi. 10; but we lose our righteousness, unless we forget it. If we much remember what we do, God will remember it but little. The servants of God know well enough when they do good: (to do good ignorantly is a degree of doing evil.) They know when they do good, and they know what good they do; but when it is done, it is to them as unknown. *Caryl.*

A CHRISTIAN.

From the German of Luther.

A Christian is a child of God, a brother of Christ, a temple of the Holy Spirit, an heir of the kingdom, a companion of angels, a lord of the world, and a partaker of the Divine nature. The glory of a Christian is Christ in heaven, and the glory of Christ is a Christian on the earth. He is a true child of God who is clothed with the righteousness of Christ, and walks in holy fear and willing obedience before his Father. He shines as a light in the world, and as a rose among thorns. He is a beautiful creature of the renewing grace of God, over whom the holy angels rejoice, and everywhere accompany him with delight. He is a wonder of the world, a terror of devils, an ornament to the church, the desire of heaven. His heart is full of joy, his eyes full of tears, his mouth full of sighs, and his hands full of good works.

ADVANTAGE OF AFFLICTION.

If the storm-beaten, benighted, and weary traveller, instead of tramping along a miry road on foot, travelled in a coach and six on the turnpike road, and had every comfort around him, do you think that he would fully enjoy the friendly hearth and the happy home at the end of his journey? Oh no! It is the wind and the rain, the rough path, the cold, the darkness, and the toil, that makes his fire-side brighter, and the comforts of his habitation doubly sweet to him. Pilgrim to Zion think of this! Earthly trials and afflictions are not joyous, but grievous, yet what a value do they give to our heavenly expectations. While called to bear the cross, let it remind us of the crown!

A PROFITABLE REMARK.

THE other day I overheard the observation, "God is in downright earnest with us; but the worst of it is, that we are not always in downright earnest with God." The thought appeared to me a profitable one, not only for myself, but for others also, so I wrote it down, reader, that you might have an opportunity of reading it in the Tract Magazine.

A CONTRAST

WHEN I was at college, I formed an acquaintance with a young man of elevated rank and great expectations. Our rooms were upon the same staircase, and we were almost inseparable companions. But, on quitting the university, I lost sight of my friend. I heard, however, at some distance of time, that, having succeeded to the family title and estate, he had gone abroad for a period of three years. In about eighteen months after this, circumstances carried me to the continent; and, one day, as I was at a public place in Florence, I saw a young Englishman whose features, though bronzed and matured, I speedily recognized as those of Sir William ———. It was a mutual pleasure to meet. We talked over past days and future prospects, and, in short, agreed, as long as it was possible, to travel together. We visited Rome and Naples; fearless of the banditti which then infested Calabria, we traversed that province; we explored the island of Sicily, and then prepared, by leisurely journeys, to return through France into England.

Sir William was a delightful companion. He had taste and information; he was fond of antiquarian research, and well acquainted with the modern literature of the countries through which we were travelling; his amusements were rational, and his moral conduct irreproachable; his disposition was kind and generous, and he possessed an inexhaustible flow of cheerful spirits. On one point alone we differed. I found with regret that my friend had adopted the notion, that, if a man was but sincere in the religion he professed, it mattered not, provided his conduct was decent, what faith he had embraced. He defended his opinions with much zeal, but always with perfect good humour; and though certainly I combated his arguments, yet I have often since regretted that I did not use all the opportunities I had for convincing him of the truth. Alas! had I been more faithful, perhaps, by God's blessing, the deep misery of after days might have been averted. But I was scarcely myself at that time, thoroughly alive to the importance of vital godliness.

After some months' companionship we parted. Circumstances had occurred to prevent my returning to England with Sir William, and I took up my residence as British chaplain in a sea-port town, giving him a promise that my first visit, when I did again see my native country, should be to him. Some years, however, elapsed before I was able to redeem my pledge.

At length, one fine autumn, I repaired to ——— Park. I found the baronet the same kind friend I had always known him. He had now married; his wife was a most amiable lady, and he had a family of three children. It was gratifying to see his conduct as an affectionate husband and indulgent father. He was esteemed by the neighbouring gentlemen, and beloved by his numerous tenantry. He had everything around him, of a worldly nature, which could tend to comfort; but yet I thought that I discerned occasionally a trace of care upon his open forehead. It was only at times; for he was in conversation as cheerful, and in society as interesting as ever. I did not like to question him, as I concluded he would of himself, from the ingenuousness of his character, lead to the subject, if he thought fit to speak of it at all. I waited, therefore, though with some anxiety, yet with a hope that perhaps there was no ground for my surmise. One thing I observed, that he never touched on a religious topic. He appeared once on the Sunday at the parish church, but that was the only sign given of his professing any religion at all. And when I strove to direct the discourse to this subject, he evidently took pains to change or break off the conversation.

When I had been at the park about a fortnight, Sir William said to me one morning, as he was mounting his horse to go a hunting, "Emerson, you are fond of visiting cottages; there's a poor man just dying, about a mile off; he was run over last night, I hear, by a wagon, and is in great distress. I wish you would call there in your walk to-day, and see if there is any relief we can send him." With these words he galloped off. In about an hour's time, as I was sallying forth to the cottage he had described, my attention was arrested by a crowd of persons at a distance, moving slowly towards me. I quickened my steps, and was overwhelmed with horror and grief when I saw that they were bearing an apparently lifeless body, which I instantly perceived to be that of my friend. To rush to his side, and grasp his hand, and to question his attendants what fatal accident had occurred, was the work of an instant. I with difficulty learned from their incoherent answers, that, in leaping a hedge, his horse had fallen, and, dashing him with violence against the ground had rolled upon

him. He still lived, though perfectly insensible, and it was my melancholy duty to hasten to Lady ——, and, as gently as I could, to apprise her of the calamity. I need not dwell upon the grief of that morning, or attempt to describe our agonized suspense while the surgeon, who had been sent for, was examining Sir William's hurts. His report at last was but too confirmatory of our worst fears. There was little—there was, in fact, no hope, he said: sensation would return, and life might last a few days perhaps, but recovery was impossible.

Several hours had elapsed before the patient awoke to a full perception of his calamity. Lady —— and I were sitting beside his bed, when we heard his feeble whisper, "Where am I?—what has befallen me?" In a few minutes he looked at us with perfect consciousness; and I shall never forget the smile—it was one which told of so much gratitude, yet so much wretchedness—with which he tried to thank us for our attention to him. That night no individual, except the poor children, closed an eye in ——— Park. Grievous was the pain with which Sir William was racked, and vain were all the attempts to alleviate his agony. The next day, however, towards noon, he fell into a kind of unquiet sleep; and I, scarcely knowing whither I went, strolled sadly for a little breath of air, across one of the plantations.

I had walked some distance, when I perceived myself near the cottage Sir William had mentioned to me. I tapped at the door, and was admitted by a sour-looking woman. In answer to my inquiries, she said that the man—John Hopkins she believed his name was, at least so he called himself; she knew nothing of him but from himself; he was only a lodger there—had, while helping to load a wagon, fallen from the top of it; and the horses at that moment moving on, had been crushed by the wheel. The doctor had said he could do nothing for him, and little enough time, said the woman, she had to attend him—she must take care of her own children.

Disgusted at her unfeeling language, I passed by her into the room where poor Hopkins lay.

"My friend," I said, "I am grieved to hear of your sad accident."

"It is the Lord," faintly replied the sufferer, "let him do what seemeth him good."

I was truly rejoiced to hear these words, and asked, "Are you, then, able patiently to submit to God's will?"

"I trust," said Hopkins, "I know whom I have believed; and if, as I feel must be the case, my death be near at hand, I trust that, through the merits of my Saviour, to die will be

my gain. In the world I have had tribulation, but in Christ I have peace—most precious peace."

Seeing that he was too weak to bear much conversation, I simply commended him in prayer to God, and left him with a promise that I would visit him again the next day.

On my return to the park, I found that Sir William was perfectly sensible, and desired to see me. When I entered the room, he bade his attendant withdraw, and, taking my hand in his as I seated myself by the bed, he exclaimed—

"Emerson, I am very miserable."

"And in truth, my dear friend," replied I, "it grieves me to the heart to see you in this condition."

"It is not that—it is not that," he said, with quickness; "what is the pain I suffer—what even is the sorrow,"—here his voice faltered—"of my wife? All this might be borne, but do you know"—in the deepest tone of thrilling emotion—"do you know, I dread to die?"

"Let me beg you, then," I said, "to look to that Divine Saviour who has destroyed death, and him that had the power of death."

"Ay, there is my misery," he rejoined; "I have rejected the Saviour, and now he has rejected me."

"Oh no," I cried, "the sinner that cometh unto him, he will in no wise cast out."

"I tell you," repeated Sir William, "that I have rejected him, and he has justly rejected me."

He paused for a moment, then summoning his remaining strength, he added, "I will tell you all. You know how, in years gone by, I disregarded religion, and maintained that any worship, if sincere, was acceptable to the Deity; and that we need only avoid grossness of conduct to possess all the virtue that could by possibility be required. This was generally my opinion, and I had almost forgotten that any one could entertain another, till, about six months ago, I was called to the death-bed of a near relation, my mother's sister. She showed me in what peace a true Christian could die, and earnestly entreated me to seek the favour of God in his Son. I was impressed at first with the importance of what she said, but the impression has worn off; and—shall I speak the truth?—I have striven to efface it. I have combated conviction, till I have entirely extinguished it. It is true, that from time to time unpleasant thoughts have risen in my mind—and perhaps you may have observed me occasionally dispirited, that was the reason—but I have persisted in neglecting the Bible, and in disregarding prayer; I have forced myself to believe that my upright character was enough. I have, in my prosperity, rejected Christ, and now I feel that

he, in my adversity, has rejected me. I now see that there can be salvation in no other; I now see the necessity of a change of heart, which, as a child, I was by a pious mother taught; but, alas! alas! I see all this too late."

The agony of my unfortunate friend's mind was most distressing: I endeavoured to comfort him with the assurance that the blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin, and that if, with simple confidence in him he would look to his cross, he would assuredly find relief. But he withstood every attempt to console him, and persisted that, after his resolute rejection of the Saviour, the Saviour had justly rejected him. I left the room in bitter affliction, at the CONTRAST I had witnessed. In the poor man's hut, where there was no earthly consolation, where poor Hopkins lay on a flock bed in racking pain, without a friendly hand to wipe off the chill dews of death as they gathered on his brow, there was peace and joy, a sure trust in the Redeemer's merits, a hope that was full of immortality. Death was welcomed as the gate of everlasting life. In the rich man's hall, where every hand was ministering to his necessities, and all that human power could effect was done; in a splendidly furnished chamber laid Sir William ———; his bodily pains had almost ceased, but his heart was filled with disquiet, and his anticipations were misery. Death was dreaded as the portal of an unseen state, which he shuddered to contemplate.

I shall not attempt to describe the agonizing scenes of that night, and the next morning. Sir William slept little. Over his pallid countenance swept rapidly shade after shade of strong emotion, and his unresting eye glared on each by turns of those that watched beside his bed. Several times I offered up prayers for him, but prayer seemed to give him no ease. I read portions of the Scripture to him, but he fixed on every threatening rather than on a promise. Nature was now fast sinking, and at nine o'clock, October —, 18—, Sir William ——— expired. His last words, as well as we could catch the low murmur of his voice, were—"O Son of God, would that I had not rejected thee till it was TOO LATE!" Over his grave a veil must be cast. It is not for us to know how far, even at his last hour, Christ might mercifully pluck this brand from the burning. But such an end does utter an awful warning to men to lay hold of, in their day, the things that make for their peace, before they be hidden from their eyes.

In the afternoon I was reminded of my promise to visit Hopkins, by a little boy from a neighbour's cottage, who brought me a message from the dying man, begging me to

hasten down to him, that he might see me once more. I crossed the park, therefore, immediately, and soon stood beside him. Upon his features a heavenly peace seemed to rest.

"I am a guilty sinner," he feebly said, "but my Saviour's blood, I can trust, has washed away my transgressions. Oh that I could glorify him more! I go where there will be no more pain, no more poverty or sickness. Happy, happy lot!"

"Are you in much pain?" I asked.

"Oh yes, very much, but Christ helps me to bear it."

"And you are depending on his merits only for acceptance?"

"On him alone," he answered; "he is my only hope."

"And he will not leave you, nor forsake you," I replied.

"No, God is faithful; his promises in Christ are yea and amen. Oh glory!" he said, with a faltering tongue, and sunk into a lethargic doze. I waited his awaking. In about a quarter of an hour he slowly opened his eyes, stretched out his hand, as if to grasp mine, and then feebly uttering some words of which I could only catch one—"faithful!" after a short struggle, he fell asleep in Jesus. Happy art thou, I thought, my poor brother; happier in thy low estate than the rich man in his wealth. Thou art, doubtless, now before the throne of God, where "the wicked cease from troubling," and "the weary be at rest," Job iii. 17.

Sir William ——— and John Hopkins were buried the same day, at ——— church. A long train of carriages and many mourners accompanied the body of the baronet, as it was laid in the sumptuous tomb of his fathers. The bearers alone stood round the grave of Hopkins, as in a distant corner of the churchyard there were committed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust, in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life."

If this simple narrative makes the impression I desire on those who read it, they will see how far better it is to be poor in this world, and rich in faith, than to have their good things here, with no treasure secured on high. May they learn, when good and evil, when life and death are set before them, may they learn, and be strengthened thereto by God's Spirit, to choose the good, that their souls may live for ever.—*From the Church of England Magazine.*

ON THE BEGINNING OF THE YEAR.

We have just entered on another year, and surely we ought to look back on the past one, and call to mind the mercies we

have received, and the deliverances that have been wrought for us. We ought to feel most thankful to Him, who has been our Protector, our Guide, our Preserver, our Benefactor, and our Friend. From him we have received every comfort and blessing whether temporal or spiritual. He has supported us in trouble, and appeared for us in the darkest seasons; and when our hearts were overwhelmed within us, he has afforded us comfort. Have we been visited with sickness? He has restored us to health. Have we been assaulted with temptations? He has made a way for us to escape. Have we been exercised with trials or afflictions of any kind? He has supported us under them, and in his own good time (which is always the best) he has delivered us out of them. We ought then to erect our Ebenezer to his praise, and say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us," blessed be the God of our salvation, who has done such great things for us? Oh may our hearts overflow with gratitude to him who has incessantly watched over us to do us good. May we be sensible of our great and lasting obligations to him, and determine, in humble dependence on his grace, to be more devoted to his service. But, what suitable return can we make unto him for his unceasing kindness and goodness? What can we render unto the Lord for the countless benefits which we have daily received at his hands?

We can and may give him ourselves—we cannot give him more than this, and we ought not to give him less. But will he, the most high God, accept of such a gift—accept of such vile, worthless, and unworthy creatures? Assuredly he will. Let us then give ourselves cheerfully and unreservedly unto him. Let us be devoted body and soul to his work, and manifest to those around us that we are indeed his. And if we are his children, new creatures in Christ Jesus, partakers of his Spirit, with what confidence and composure may we look forward to the ensuing year. Come what will, the true Christian is safe; he has no cause to fear. Nothing can happen to him but what is appointed by his heavenly Father, who has engaged that all things shall work together for his good. Are you, my friend, a real Christian, a child of God? Then all things are yours; "life, death, or things present, or things to come," and what can you have or desire more? The eternal God is your Friend and Father—the omnipotent Jesus your Saviour and Guide—and the ever-blessed Spirit your Comforter and Sanctifier; and the celestial world, the regions of perpetual day, of unalloyed felicity, will be your dwelling place for ever. Go on, then, dearly beloved in the Lord, go on in his strength.

Endeavour to have your eye constantly fixed on Jesus. Give up yourself afresh to him, and make it your daily study to promote his glory. Learn to live above the world, and strive to have your conversation in heaven. Call to mind what the Lord has done for you, and confidently trust him for the future. He who has been your Friend hitherto, will not now forsake you. He who has led you thus far, will lead you to the end of your journey. He will never disappoint your hopes founded on his word and promise. He will "guide you by his counsel," lead you "in the way everlasting," and eventually "receive you to glory." That Christ may be formed in you, more and more, the hope of glory—and that you may live in constant expectation of, and preparation for, his coming, is the prayer of yours, etc.

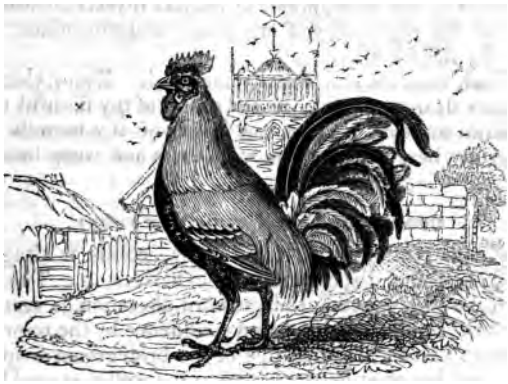
From some Letters written by a Person in Humble Life.

RELIGION.

There is a solace, a balm, a comfort in religion, which can never be found in the world, as every one truly religious will testify. The world, with all its pleasures, its riches, its amusements, can never yield real satisfaction to an immortal spirit. There must be something besides; that something is true godliness. The world, of itself, is altogether inadequate to impart real happiness. Solomon, the wisest of men, had the greatest opportunity of deriving pleasure and satisfaction from worldly objects; he had everything which heart could wish for; every enjoyment which earth could afford, yet he declares, "All is vanity—" not all is vain, but all is *vanity* itself. Yes, indeed, "vanity and vexation" is inscribed on all things here below. Everything is precarious, fading, corruptible. But religion, true, genuine religion, yields substantial pleasures, it gives real happiness, it affords permanent satisfaction, it elevates the mind above earthly things, it raises the affections heavenwards, it makes the world to appear as nothing, it comforts and consoles in this "vale of tears," it bears up the spirit under trials and afflictions, and it imparts a glorious prospect of never-ending bliss beyond the grave.

"'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die;
After death its joys will be,
Lasting as eternity."

From some Letters written by a Person in Humble Life.



OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

UPON THE CROWING OF A COCK.

How harshly did this note sound in the ear of Peter; yea, pierced his very heart! Many a time had he heard this bird, and was no whit moved with the noise; now there was a bird in his bosom that crowed louder than this, whose shrill accent, conjoined with this, astonished the guilty disciple.

The weary labourer, when he is awakened from his sweet sleep by this natural clock of the household, is not so angry at this troublesome bird, nor so vexed at the hearing of that unseasonable sound, as Peter was, when this fowl awakened his sleeping conscience, and called him to a timely repentance. This cock did but crow like others, neither made or knew any difference of this tone and the rest; there was a Divine hand that ordered this morning's note to be a summons of penitence. He that foretold it, had foreappointed it; that bird could not but crow then, and all the noise in the high priest's hall could not keep that sound from Peter's ears. But, O Saviour, couldst thou find leisure when thou stoodst at the bar of that unjust and cruel judgment, amidst all that rabble of enemies, in the sense of all their fury, and the expectation of thine own death, to listen unto this monitor of Peter's repentance, and upon the hearing of it to cast back thine eyes upon thy denying, cursing, abjuring disciple? Oh, mercy without measure, and beyond all the

preacher. If you converse much with God in the mc Moses did, and the old Puritans did, your hearers w ceive a gospel lustre on your countenance; and what of all, you will not be sensible of it yourself. Much prayer will solemnize your heart, and make your vi voury as well as your sermons. The old Puritans their flocks by house row: the visits were short; they a little for God, and then concluded with prayer to G excellent rule, which prevented tittle tattle, and mad profitable.

May Jesus bless you, and water your flock. Your affec brother, JOHN BERR

SOCIAL PRAYER.

To thee, O Thou that hearest prayer!
As suppliants we draw near;
To pray in faith, our hearts prepare,
Meet, Lord, and bless us here.

Shine on our souls with heavenly light,
With love our hearts inflame,
While we our feeble prayers unite,
In our Redeemer's name.

Come, Holy Spirit, and inspire
Our hearts with warmer zeal;
Kindle in each a pure desire,
The love of Christ reveal.

And may that love's constraining power
To active duty move,
And, every day and every hour,
Our ruling motive prove.

Permit us, Lord, to plead with thee,
For those that dwell around;
O, set their souls from bondage free,
Whom Satan long hath bound.

Dispel the darkness from their eyes,
Convert them by thy grace;
Quicken their souls, and bid them rise,
To run the heavenly race.

Lord, we adore thy wondrous grace,
Thy sovereign love admire,
In saving numbers of our race,
As firebrands from the fire.

Keep them, O Lord, with power divine,
Whom thou hast rescued thus;
And our whole lives may we resign
To Christ, who died for us.

Essex.

CASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

UPON A CHILD CRYING.

was upon a great reason that the apostle charges us not
e children in understanding. What fools we all once
! Even at first we cry and smile we know not where-
; we have not wit enough to make signs what hurts us,
wherefore we complain; we can wry the mouth, but not
k the breast; and if we want help, we can only lament,
l sprawl, and die. After, when some months have taught
to distinguish a little betwixt things and persons, we cry
every toy; even that which may most hurt us; and,
en there is no other cause, we cry only to hear our own
se, and are straight stilled with a greater: and if it be
upon the breeding of a tooth, we are so wayward that
hing will please us; and if some formerly-liked knack
given to quiet us, we cast away that which we have, if
have not what we would seem to like. We fear neither
nor water; nothing scares us but either a rod or a feigned
gbear: we misknow our parents, not acknowledging any
end but the tailor that brings us a fine coat, or the nurse

that dresses us gay; the more that our riper years resemble these dispositions, the more childish we are, and more worthy both of our own and others' censure.

But again; it was upon no less reason that the apostle charges us, to be children in maliciousness. Those little innocents bear no grudge; they are sooner pleased than angry; and if any man have wronged them, they soon put forth their hand for reconcilement, and offer themselves unto those arms that trespassed. And when they are most froward, they are stilled with a pleasant song. The old word is, that an old man is twice a child; but I say, happy is he that is thus a child always. It is a great imperfection to want knowledge; but of the two, it is better to be a child in understanding than a man in maliciousness.

UPON THE SINGING OF A BIRD.

It is probable that none of those creatures that want reason, delight so much in pleasant sounds as a bird; whence it is that both it spends so much time in singing, and is more apt to imitate those modulations which it hears from men. Frequent practice, if it be voluntary, argues a delight in that which we do; and delight makes us more apt to practise, and more capable of perfection in that we practise. O God, if I take pleasure in thy law, I shall meditate of it with comfort, speak of it with boldness, and practise it with cheerfulness.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A SNAKE.

I know not what horror we find in ourselves at the sight of a serpent: other creatures are more loathsome, and some no less deadly than it; yet, there is none at which our blood riseth so much as at this. Whence should this be but out of an instinct of our old enmity? We were stung in Paradise, and cannot but feel it. But here is our weakness; it was not the body of the serpent that could have hurt us, without the suggestion of sin; and yet we love the sin while we hate the serpent. Every day are we wounded with the sting of that old serpent, and complain not; and so much more deadly is that sting by how much it is less felt. There

is a sting of guilt, and there is a sting of remorse; there is mortal venom in the first, whereof we are the least sensible; there is less danger in the second. The Israelites found themselves stung by those fiery serpents in the desert, and the sense of their pain sent them to seek for cure: the world is our desert, and as the sting of death is sin, so the sting of sin is death. I do not more wish to find ease than pain; if I complain enough I cannot fail of cure. O Thou, who art the true brazen serpent, lifted up in this wilderness, raise up mine eyes to thee, and fasten them upon thee; thy mercy shall make my soul whole, my wound sovereign.

From Bp. Hall.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. I.

PERSEVERE IN THE RIGHT COURSE.

Our own past experience, and the circumstances of many around us, will teach us profitable lessons, if we will avail ourselves of them; but, alas! some look back upon their joys and sorrows, not to learn wisdom, but to shed fruitless tears, and nurture unavailing regrets: while on the scenes of common life they make no observations, or notice them only to feed idle curiosity and store up materials for mischief-making. Let us hope, reader, that this is far from your case, and bear with me while I present a few sketches which may be amplified at leisure from your own observation.

How many an excellent plan, a good resolution, a successful beginning proves abortive for want of perseverance. Let us review the past; can we not perceive, if we deal honestly with our own hearts, that we might have been better men, and better Christians, but for the lack of perseverance. And without any want of charity, may we not revert, with a painful feeling, to some who might have been very differently situated had they persevered. But a few scenes from real life will prove more entertaining and instructive, as possessing the force of truth, than dry precepts.

Mrs. Lewis was an interesting and intelligent young female. On her marriage, which took place early in life, she formed a well conceived plan for the conduct of her household: there was to be "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place;" to every duty was allotted an

appointed time, her calculations for expenditure were exact, and, while they aimed at economy on the one hand, they were free from the charge of meanness on the other.

Mrs. Lewis was married to one ever ready to co-operate in her excellent plans. She moreover met with servants of docile tempers, willing to be governed by the wise laws which their mistress had laid down. It was a charming sight to behold one so young "guiding the house," after the direction of the apostle, with so much diligence and discretion.

Mrs. Lewis was an early riser; her servants, therefore, were no sluggards. The flame on the family altar burned brightly, for temporal affairs were so well arranged, that they never pressed upon the sacred engagement; all knew their several duties, and set about them with cheerful alacrity. The husband found his chief pleasures in his well ordered home; the wife herself enjoyed tranquillity of mind, and piety and contentment flourished around her. These were the impressions on visiting Mrs. Lewis during the first year of her married life.

Four years after I visited her again, but a great change had passed upon her and those about her: her person was neglected, her house dirty, her servants slatterns, her children ill-trained, her husband churlish, and Ichabod seemed to be written on those walls which once resounded with the cheerful hymn, the encouraging chapter, and the fervent prayer. "Ye did run well, who hath hindered you?" was the question I was ready to ask; but a few days spent under the roof of Mrs. Lewis soon explained the mystery—her excellent plans had not been persevered in.

"It is too late now," said Mrs. Lewis, in one of our familiar conversations, when advising her to re-adopt her first system; "it is too late; had I persevered from the first, my own habits, and the habits of my family, would by this time have become fixed, and we might have been, what I fondly hoped we should have proved—a holy, happy household; but I did not persevere.

"It was a rule with my venerable father," she continued, "never once, on any account, to omit family prayer; necessity might oblige him to shorten the exercise, but it was never totally neglected. Nay, when a fit of sickness and

pain confined the aged Christian to his bed, I have known him call his children around him at the usual time, and, without much speaking, commend them to God; but I allowed first one excuse, and then another to interfere, till my husband relaxed in his attention, and we both at last neglected this great duty. After this, could I expect strength from above to persevere in any other good plan? No; one duty after another was omitted, till I stopped short in all; nor have I courage now to set about retracing my steps, for accumulated difficulties would rise like Alps on Alps in my path, which must be all removed before I could enjoy my former comfort; whereas, had I persevered from the first, my well organized plan would now have worked with the precision, beauty, and power, of some admirable machine. Alas! what have I not lost for the want of perseverance?"

Another character presents itself to my recollection that differs from the one I have sketched above, inasmuch, as she recovers herself continually, with some courage, from her relapses. The vigour with which Mrs. Pearce acts out her plans at first is subject to constant collapse, but it also prompts her to renewed exertion; she keeps up a perpetual warfare with herself; and by the grace of God will, I trust, come off at last victorious. Far from sitting down in despair, like Mrs. Lewis, every omission is deplored, and ends not in indolent repining, but in extra diligence, till restoration is, in some measure, effected.

Mrs. Pearce aims at training her children and governing her servants in the right way; and though sometimes her perseverance is ready to fail, nay, is even lost sight of for a while, she rallies her energies again, and sets herself afresh to the work, and, looking up to God with her whole heart for help, addresses herself anew to the combat.

In business also, as well as in domestic life, how many do we find fail in their different occupations for lack of perseverance. If they were so disposed, some might tell us instructive tales of their past lives, and how it came to pass that they did not persevere.

One might say, "My father was not a persevering man, and did not set me a good example." Another would tell how he was allowed, when a child, to begin whatever employments or amusements struck his fancy, and to leave

to adorn the doctrines of God our Saviour, than to decorate our bodies with proud apparel. But come, we must move onwards, not having a moment to lose.

A HASTY JUDGMENT.

Reader, are you given to be hasty in your judgment? It is a bad habit, and one not easily cured. A short time ago I took my seat in a stage coach, to return home after a few days' absence. Beside me sat a grave and rather stern-looking gentleman. "I like not the look of you," thought I, "we shall be very silent I see." And very silent we were, for not a word did the grave gentleman speak to any one for the first ten miles at least. "I dare say he is a sullen, disagreeable being," thought I. At last, however, he spoke: it was to express a wish that he might open the window on his side. A lady in the coach being fearful of having both windows open, I immediately shut up my window, to give him liberty to open his, which he directly did, but without thanking me by word or look. At this I quite settled the matter in my mind, and set him down as an unmannerly, disagreeable man, believing that I read it plainly in his countenance. "One may see it in his face," thought I.

By and bye, the grave gentleman drew a book from his pocket, and set himself to read most attentively. Full of prejudice, my uncharitable thoughts began to be busy again. "I wonder what it is? some low, vulgar work, with little mind and less manners, I will be bound for it," thought I; "but I am determined to find it out."

Presently the coach stopped. At a glance I read the title of the book—"A Divine Cordial." And a divine cordial it was; a spiritual and heavenly book, rich in gospel truth, written by a saint of olden time, and such a one as only saints would love to read.

Reader, I felt a blush on my cheek. I had been judging too hastily. He might have been more courteous; he might have behaved more pleasantly to his fellow travellers; but I had judged him too hastily.

It was not long after that an accident occurred, which, though unattended with bad consequences, was well nigh proving a very serious affair. This called forth the kindly feelings of our quiet friend, who soon proved how much he

had at heart the welfare, not only of the bodies, but the souls of his fellow travellers. He spoke sweetly, freely, and faithfully, like a kind-hearted and truly Christian man; and I hardly know whether I most loved him for his kindness, or hated myself for the hasty and unjust judgment I had manifested. "Judge not, that ye be not judged," Matt. vii. 1.

LORD'S DAY RECOLLECTIONS.—No. IV.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness," 2 Tim. iii. 16.

An hour ago one of Zion's pilgrims gave me an account of the pleasure she enjoyed while listening to the word of God on the last Lord's day. "If I could be as happy as I was then," said she, "I could be content with a sip or two of tea or coffee, instead of a dinner, every sabbath-day of my life. The minister read that delightful chapter in the Acts of the Apostles, about Peter and John going up together into the temple at the hour of prayer. Oh, if you had but heard in what a beautiful way he read the whole chapter—it seemed to me that I was there among them. I heard Peter's voice as he fastened his eyes on the lame man, saying, 'Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk.' I saw the temple and the beautiful gate, and Peter and John, and all the people looking on with wonder and amazement, while the poor man entered in with them walking and leaping and praising God." See Acts iii.

While she gave me this account, her eyes sparkling with animation, I could not but wish that every minister would so impressively read God's word, that it might be listened to with attention, and that every ear and heart might be so tuned to receive the Holy Scriptures, that all might feel as happy in God's house as she who at that moment was describing to me her thankfulness and her joy.

A VOICE TO THE SLEEPERS IN ZION.

Christians, you must not only have grace habitually, but actually, in its most lively and vigorous exercise, to prepare you for heaven. Grace is a talent sent down from

heaven, and put into our hands to trade with. When the oil is in the vessel, and the lamps burn bright, that is, when Divine grace shines in the soul like stars in the night, the Christian is in a fit posture to meet Christ. Christians, why should you take up your stand in religion, and not go on unto perfection? You must not suffer your lamps to wax dim, and your oil to waste. A dwarf is a monster in nature. As there are some persons decayed in their trades and estates, and others grown poor and emaciated in body, so are there withered and decayed professors in every society; the new man is weak and feeble in very many. What are become of the graces, comforts, and delights of the Spirit? This stream does not run; "rivers of living water" do not flow out of our bellies. Where is the old stock, and the new increase? If grace, like the house of David, did revive, and wax stronger and stronger in you, it would cure your stupor and security, and give you (pardon the expression) a fresh start, or a new alarm for heaven. That grace is not vigorous in its exercise, is most apparent, by your letting down your watch and falling asleep, by your listlessness to duties, and want of life and affection in them —by the prevalency of corruption, and the decay of godly sorrow for sin, and inward peace—by the blotting of your evidences for heaven, and want of communion with Christ, who stands aloof from the withered and decayed Christian. What! dost thou not hear him saying, "I have somewhat against thee, because thou hast left thy first love," Rev. ii. 4. We read of the first days of David, and of the first ripe fruits; the first fruits of the Spirit, the love of the espousals. But where shall we find these things? What is become of the sweet incense of prayer and praise, thou wast wont to send up to heaven? What is become of that inward affection in prayer—where shall we find it? Is all our religion resolved into forms and formality? Where are the choice fruits in Christ's garden? You that are planted in the house of the Lord, should flourish in the courts of our God, and cast forth your roots as Lebanon. Grow in grace, and in due time you shall arrive at glory, 2 Pet. i. 11.

John Fox, the Door of Heaven Opened, A.D. 1676.

THE VICAR'S LETTER.

I WILL copy out a part of the letter of the kind-hearted vicar. It now lies before me, and while I look upon it, my eyes are almost blinded with tears. The part that most interests me runs thus:—

"I have sent you a letter to peruse when at leisure; it is from poor Hannah Preece's son. I received it last Saturday night, between eight and nine o'clock. It gave me much pleasure, and after we had read it at the vicarage, I put on my great coat and hat, and went stumbling in the dark to her poor cottage. Let me tell you that Hannah Preece is a poor pious woman, more than eighty years of age; she buried her husband, near ninety, not long ago. When I lifted up the latch, she cried out, "Who's there now?" and when she knew who I was, she exclaimed, 'Come in, sir; I have been reading my Bible, and was just going to bed.' 'Well, Hannah, have you heard from your son lately?' Before she could tell me, up she gets to make me three or four curtseys. 'Oh! no, sir, but I think he is dead; I do, indeed, think he is dead, sir. I dreamed I saw him, and he had such a brilliant star upon his breast; it waked me, and I dreamed the same again, and for two nights. Oh! he is dead.' 'No, no, Hannah, don't cry, God is good to you; your son is not dead, I have just received a letter from him, and I will read it to you.' Up she gets again, puts together her two hands in the posture of prayer, 'Thank the Lord! thank the Lord!' Thus she kept on crying out, and curtseying to me all the while. I could not help shedding tears. The cocks and hens that were roosting up over our heads on the rafters, leaned their heads and bended their necks, moving their little eyes to and fro, as if really interested in the letter. I know it would have been a treat to you to have been present; to have gazed on those cocks and hens, to have seen this aged woman (I might, indeed, say saint) thanking the Lord so devoutly, and to have been there all the time of my visit in this poor cottage, would have done your heart good, for I know that such scenes please you. It is on this account that I have related the story; but I have not time to give you half, nor to do it justice. I really was so overcome that it was some time before I could begin to read. It was well that one of the chanticleers did not crow, for I could hardly have borne it. Poor Hannah

lighted two candles, that I might read the letter. 'I have got never another,' said she. 'Well,' replied I, 'they are such thin ones, I believe I must have them both.' I had not read many lines when up she gets curtseying and thanking the Lord. But when I came to the line, 'love to Ann Banton, let me know how she is situated?' poor Hannah broke out into loud crying, wringing her hands, and it was some time before I could pacify her. Ann Banton was his sister, Hannah's daughter, a very young widow, a fine, handsome woman, and what was better, a very good woman too; she went to bed perfectly well, and was a corpse in the morning—found dead in her bed. I buried her about three months ago near the churchyard yew tree. Truly our life is 'a shadow' that fleeth away. Though poor Hannah Preece could thank God for his goodness to her, the inquiry of her son after Ann Banton overcame her, and she gave way for a moment to her feelings. I had not the heart to reprove her, for I was almost as much affected myself. I might dwell on the letter, but I send it that you may read it yourself; I could wish to have it again, there is such filial affection and piety in it. Hannah's son, though he has a wife and family, has ever been good to his aged parents. When a lad he was a servant with us for a short time, and could not then read or write; but he can now write well, and indite well, too. You cannot think what a fine handsome soldier he is, and I hope he is a good man."

And now I will tell you why the sight of the letter of the kind-hearted vicar so much moves me. It is because the good man who penned it has been called away from the world. I have gazed upon his faded face; I have pressed his clay cold hand; I have followed him to the grave, and when the falling earth rattled on his coffin lid, I was standing on the brink of his resting place.

This letter about poor old Hannah Preece but faintly sets forth the kindness of his heart; it is but one instance out of a thousand. You will bear with me in saying this, when I tell you that the kind-hearted vicar was—my uncle.

THE POOR MAY BE CHARITABLE.

It is an easier matter for a poor man to be charitable than for a rich man. "What!" you exclaim, "how can a poor man be more charitable than a rich man? when the rich man

may give away his hundreds, or, if he is very rich, his thousands, and not miss them; while a poor man cannot even give a penny or a crust of bread without feeling the loss: he cannot even go to help or nurse a friend, without forfeiting a part of his wages." True; and for this very reason—because a poor man cannot do any service to his neighbour without some loss, some self-denial—is it easier for him to show the sincerity of his Christian love. He who, for Christ's sake, shares his one loaf with the hungry, casts more into the treasury than they who out of their abundance scatter hundreds or thousands they will never miss. I know, when one hears anybody called charitable, one takes it for granted that he must have plenty of money; and it is a very rare thing to hear poor persons so called. Yet I trust it is not rare for them to be so. Piteous indeed would be the condition of the poor, if their poverty shut them out from the noblest privilege which God has bestowed upon mankind, the privilege of helping each other, the privilege of showing Christian charity in the various exercises of brotherly love. But it does not. If any of you have ever fancied that, because you are poor, you have nothing to give, and that the duties of Christian charity do not concern such as you, drive such a notion out of your minds. The poorest of you may do as much—what in God's eyes will be accounted as much—as the richest can do. You of your poverty may give your all; and they at the utmost can do no more. This, however, they may do too. They may make sacrifices in various ways, though not so easily as you can. They may show their love by giving their time, by giving their labour, by giving their thoughts, by giving up their tastes, by giving up their prejudices. They too may go forth like St. Paul: though the weakness of men now-a-days will hardly come near the graces of that holy apostle: they too may go forth in the service of Christ to minister to their brethren "in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings and cold," 2 Cor. xi. 27. That is to say, there is no outward hinderance to keep them from doing so. If the love of Christ burns in their hearts, as it did in his, they may do so. Nay, unless they do this in one way or other, unless they deny themselves for the love of Christ and of their brethren, the love of Christ and of their brethren has no place in their hearts. *Hare.*

to prepare for eternity, can be so idle and so easy? How is it that we have so much time to spare for the world, for vanity, and for sin? *Rev. C. Bradley.*

THE TWO DAUGHTERS.

A DRUNKARD, who spent most of his wages at the alehouse, had rendered himself so miserable, that his two daughters resolved to do all they could to reclaim him. Accordingly, one night, when he returned home in one of his drunken fits, his eldest daughter called him by the harshest names, and loaded him with the bitterest reproaches. These, however, had no other effect than to send him reeling back again to the public house, where he passed the night with his companions. His youngest daughter, being of a pious turn, as well as of a mild and amiable temper, went to work another way. She took the opportunity of speaking to her father when he was sober, and when she had made the house as clean and as comfortable as possible. In so gentle a way did she entreat him, for his own sake as well as theirs, to leave off drinking, and to give them his company instead of wasting it at the alehouse, that the hardened father was melted into tears. Embracing his daughter, he kneeled down, and prayed God to strengthen him in his resolution to live a different life, and to abandon his drunken habits for ever.

Application.—It is much easier to melt the heart, than to break it; and mild methods more frequently correct errors, than measures of severity. It becomes every one to practise mercy and kindness, but especially those who profess to be the followers of Jesus Christ, who has manifested so much mercy to us all. How full of mercy is the injunction:—"Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you," Eph. iv. 32.

DANGER OF RESTING ON A FALSE HOPE.

WELL, and some say you must not preach the law. You cannot preach the gospel without preaching the law; for you shall find by and by, we are to preach something that the people must be saved by; it is impossible to tell them how they are to be saved, unless we tell them what to be saved from. The way the Spirit of God takes is like that

we take in preparing the ground; do you think any farmers would have a crop of corn next year unless they plough now; and you may as well expect a crop of corn on unploughed ground, as a crop of grace until the soul is convinced of its being undone without a Saviour. That is the reason we have so many mushroom converts, so many persons that are always happy! happy! happy! and never were miserable; why? because their stony ground is not ploughed up; they have not got a conviction of the law; they are stony ground hearers; they hear the word with joy, and in a time of temptation, which will come soon after a seeming or real conversion, they fall away. They serve Christ as the young man served the Jews that laid hold of him, who, when he found he was like to be a prisoner for following Christ, left his garments; and as some people leave their profession. That makes me so cautious now, which I was not thirty years ago, of dubbing people converts too soon. I love now to wait a little, and see if people bring forth fruit; for there are so many blossoms which March winds you know blow away, that I cannot believe they are converts till I see fruit brought forth. *Whitefield.*

TRUTH.

TRUTH is the most glorious thing; the least filing of this gold is precious. Truth is ancient, its grey hairs may make it venerable; it comes from Him who is the Ancient of days. Truth is unerring, it is the star which leads to Christ. Truth is pure, Psa. cxix. 140; it is compared to silver refined seven times, Psa. xii. 6. There is not the least spot on Truth's face, it breathes nothing but sanctity. Truth is triumphant, it is like a great conqueror, when all its enemies lie dead, it keeps the field, and sets up its trophies of victory. Truth may be opposed, but never quite deposed. In the time of Diocletian, things seemed desperate, truth ran low; soon after was the golden time of Constantius, and then truth did again lift up its head. When the water in the Thames is lowest, a high tide is ready to come in. God is on truth's side, and so long there is no fear but it will prevail. "The heavens being on fire shall be dissolved," 2 Peter iii. 12, but not that truth which came from heaven, 1 Peter i. 25. *T. Watson.*

THE SNARE OF THE FOWLER.

During a walk in the country, my attention was attracted to the process for ensnaring birds; I observed a man lying as much concealed as possible in the grass, and at a distance from him, several birds fluttering from the ground, and attempting to rise into the air. On noticing them more closely, however, I found they were held by strings, and could only fly a short distance, and were, in fact, decoys to allure other birds, by the appearance of safety, to come to the same spot. All around, a large net was spread carefully on the ground, with strings leading from it to the hand of the fowler. Several birds were flying high overhead, soaring larks, singing their morning carol far above in the heavens.

Surely, thought I, the fowler will never be able to bring them into the snare, and whilst I determined to watch the result of the contrivances about me, several passages of Scripture passed through my mind, of which I thought I might receive some practical illustration from "the snare of the fowler" before me. I was soon requested by the fowler to keep at a distance, lest I should frighten away the birds. Yes, thought I, "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird," Prov. i. 17. The first object of the fowler appeared to be to attract the attention of the birds; and for this purpose I was amused at hearing him imitate their songs, most naturally, with an instrument which I afterwards learned was termed a bird-call. Here was another step in the deception, and I soon perceived its effect. The birds in the air soon caught the sound, and responded the notes, and stooped towards the earth. Oh! my soul be thou aware of the great fowler, who goeth about seeking whom he may devour. "Let no man deceive you with vain words," Eph. v. 6. Take thou care of "the sleight of men," and of their "cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive," Eph. iv. 14. "Abstain from all appearance of evil," 1 Thess. v. 22, and fly from the first movements of temptation. Shortly afterwards I noticed the downward flight of some birds, singing and twittering in response to the imitative notes of the fowler, and saw him making ready to close the snare upon his prey, but as they drew nearer to the earth, I suppose they became alarmed; and observing the net and the fowler, away they soared again: thus it is often with evil, men do not frequently fall into great sins at once, but by a gradual and unobserved process, they go on from bad to worse, until it is too late to retract. If the small end of the wedge can be inserted, the largest timber may be split in pieces. As the birds flew away, the false notes sounded with increasing vivacity, and lured them back again; they now came nearer

and nearer, and instead of soaring away they only flew in circles, diminishing each time; and the snares, the decoy birds, did their part also, they fluttered and twittered as if inviting their brethren who were at liberty to come and join them. These, of course, were innocently the means of betraying their fellows; but how many are there, who wickedly lead others into evil, and who by setting a bad example make the feet of others to stray. "A violent man enticeth his neighbour, and leadeth him into the way that is not good," Prov. xvi. 29; but the counsel of God is safe, and happy would it be if we listened to it, "My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not. If they say, Come with us, my son, walk not thou in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path," Prov. i. 10, 11, 15. Oh! neglected Bible! Oh! neglected Bible! what sorrows and bitter regrets should we not save, if thou wert the man of our counsel at all times, if the laws of our God were our delight, and his love the great bond of our obedience!

The scene was now drawing to a close: a few more flights around the net, a few apparent hesitations to join the decoy birds, and then I saw, with a sudden descent, the deceived birds come to the ground amongst them: in an instant the fowler's music ceased, the strings of the net were drawn by a sudden spring, the net closed over the birds, and then they were fluttering and beating themselves on the ground, whilst the fowler with a rude hand, and cursing and swearing, dragged them out, destroying some, and caging others. What a change was this! a few moments before these little birds were soaring high in the air, and singing in all the freedom of happiness—now in the power of a cruel being, and those that remained alive, beating their wings against the wires of a cage, no music, no liberty for them now; the syren song having answered its purpose, ceased, and only cruelty and cursing was bestowed upon the prisoners. The decoy birds were, of course, spared, to answer the same purpose again; yes, I reflected, many of those who would seduce us into mischief, would not be willing to be our companions in it, and are often the first to reproach us for our folly. I could not but notice that in a few minutes the same scene was again going through, and as other birds were to be beguiled, the imitative notes were again sounded, and the hidden net again spread, and I have no doubt other birds as easily captured and destroyed. The scene, with its accompaniments, made a deep impression upon me, and in recording it, it is not the mere scene of ensnaring a few poor birds to which I would call attention, and from which seek improvement, but oh! my soul, see how it illustrates thy position.

How is the fowler's employment referred to in the Scriptures of truth! How is the snare and gin often spoken of as emblems of the spiritual deceptions to which the believer is liable, and from which none can deliver us but He who has promised, "Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler," Psalm xci. 3; and who can and often does, by the power of his grace, make those who trust in him, exclaim in the midst of temptations, against which their unassisted strength could not stand for a moment, "Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowlers: the snare is broken, and we are escaped," Psalm cxxiv. 7.

THE BELIEVING WIDOW.

In the summer of the year 1833, a minister, who had been attending the anniversary of a missionary society in London, was accosted at the close of the meeting by an elderly female, in widow's dress. She spoke to him with the familiarity of an old acquaintance, and kindly inquired respecting his health and his family. At first he thought that she was a stranger, who had addressed him in mistake. A short conversation removed this impression. The minister had formerly lived in London, and the good woman, who now introduced herself to him, was an active and useful member of his church. Several years had elapsed since his removal into the country, during which time she had suffered much affliction, and showed the effects of her sufferings in her altered countenance. She proceeded to relate her history. "You remember my husband, sir; he was a superannuated exciseman: his pension was our sole support. Some time ago a legacy was bequeathed me, but on account of some legal difficulties it was not paid. My husband often expressed his anxiety on the subject, as he knew that the pension would cease at his death, and that I should be left entirely destitute; but I used to say, 'Never mind, it will come when I want it.' And so it did: the day after my husband's death I received a letter informing me that every obstacle was removed, and that the legacy would now be paid. I think there will be enough for my support during the remainder of my life; but if not, I can trust God; he will supply my need."

The widow spoke as one who knew in whom she believed. For many years she had been accustomed to regard the promises with cheerful confidence: they were the food of her soul. She was "persuaded of them, and embraced them," and could say, "God hath spoken in his holiness; I will re-

joice," Psalm lx. 6. When others were gloomy and desponding, the smile of faith appeared on her countenance, betokening the "perfect peace" that reigned within. She had often strengthened the weak hands, and confirmed the feeble knees, and comforted others with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God, Isa. xxxv. 3; 2 Cor. i. 4. Trials had weakened her body, but her soul was sustained and sanctified. The branch was pruned, that it might "bring forth more fruit," John xv. 2.

It was a sermon to the minister. He, too, had been called to pass through the waters of sorrow, and was at the time struggling with many difficulties; but this incident relieved and consoled him. He saw the power of Divine grace strikingly shown, and was greatly encouraged by the reflection that his ministry had been blessed to the edification of so excellent a woman. They parted, to see each other no more on earth. Shortly afterwards, the aged saint left England, purposing to spend her last days in the abode of one of her children, who had emigrated to the United States of North America. In all probability her pilgrimage is now ended.

We may learn from this simple narrative the duty and benefit of confidence in God. He loves to honour faith; and he always tries it—sometimes sharply. He does not in every case deliver his people from trouble, because it may be more for his glory that they should suffer. Nor are his interpositions on their behalf always in the same way. If at one time the answer to prayer be immediate, at another there shall be apparent delay, and the sufferer shall reach the very verge of ruin before the hand of God is stretched out for his relief. David was not rescued from Saul till he was on the point of becoming his prey. "Saul went on this side of the mountain, and David and his men on that side of the mountain: and David made haste to get away for fear of Saul; for Saul and his men compassed David and his men round about to take them. But there came a messenger unto Saul, saying, Haste thee, and come; for the Philistines have invaded the land. Wherefore Saul returned from pursuing after David, and went against the Philistines," 1 Sam. xxiii. 26—28. Peter was suffered to remain in prison till every preparation was made for his execution on the following day; and then the deliverance was so astonishing, that the church could hardly believe the evidence of their own senses, Acts xii. Thousands of similar instances have occurred, so arranged by infinite wisdom as that men might "see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this, and the Holy One of Israel hath created it," Isa. xli. 20. It has been often

215337

observed, that "man's extremity is God's opportunity." Why should we not give him credit for love, and truth, and wisdom, and contentedly resign ourselves to his disposal? Does he not claim our unreserved trust? And is it not well with us when we cast all our care upon him, and commit ourselves entirely to his guidance and control? Let us, therefore, yield ourselves to the Lord with unhesitating confidence, and adopt the language of the psalmist, "Truly my soul waiteth;" (quietly reposeth itself, as the word means,) "on God: from him cometh my salvation," Psalm lxii. 1. "My times are in thy hand," Psalm xxxi. 15.

> "Bless'd be that hand, whether it shed
> Mercies or judgments on my head;
> Extend the sceptre, or exalt the rod—
> Bless'd be that hand—it is the hand of God."
>
> *Montgomery.*

"Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him," Isa. iii. 10. All history affirms the truth of this divine saying. What though the people of God have been poor and afflicted? What though their enemies have often prevailed against them? What though the church has been sometimes reduced to such extremity, that you could only "trace her by her blood, and see her by the light of the fires in which her martyrs were burned?" Still it is well with the righteous. Their eternal interests are safe. Their souls are redeemed and sanctified. Sufficient grace is secured to them amidst all their difficulties and grief. The Lord Jesus Christ is a "hidingplace from the wind, and a covert from the tempest," Isa. xxxii. 2. "I am a great sinner," the Christian exclaims, "and deserve everlasting punishment. But Jesus is a great Saviour. And he is my Saviour. I believe in him. I have committed my soul to his care. His atoning blood is my only plea in bar of judgment; and it 'cleanseth from all sin,' 1 John i. 7. My sins are pardoned for his sake. My prayers are offered and accepted in his name. He has said, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out,' John vi. 37, and he is able to 'save to the uttermost,' because 'he ever liveth to make intercession for us,' Heb. vii. 25. I am sure he will be as good as his word. Suffering will not last long. The presence of the Redeemer gladdens me in my sorrow, and sweetens the bitters of life. The voyage may be stormy, but the safety of the vessel is insured, and the haven is in sight. There I shall 'ever be with the Lord,' 1 Thess. iv. 17. Yes; it is well with the righteous, 'but woe,' present, everlasting woe, unto the wicked; 'it shall be ill with him:' for the reward of his hands shall be given him," Isa. iii. 11.

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS

UPON THE HEARING OF THUNDER.

THERE is no grace whereof I find so general a want in myself and others as an awful fear of the infinite majesty of God; men are ready to affect, and profess a kind of familiarity with God, out of a pretence of love, whereas, if they knew him aright, they could not think of him without dread, nor name him without trembling; their narrow hearts strive to conceive of him, according to the scantling of their own strait and ignorant apprehension; whereas they should only desire to have their thoughts swallowed up with an adoring wonder of his Divine incomprehensibleness: though he thunder not always, he is always equally dreadful; there is none of his works which doth not betray omnipotency. I blush at the sauciness of vain men that will be circumscribing the powerful acts of the Almighty within the compass of natural causes; forbearing to wonder at what they profess to know; nothing but ignorance can be guilty of this boldness; there is no divinity but in an humble fear, no philosophy but in a silent admiration.

UPON MOTES IN THE SUN.

How these little motes move up and down in the sun, and never rest, whereas the great mountains stand ever still,

and move not, but with an earthquake; even so light and busy spirits are in continual agitation, to little purpose; while great deep wits sit still, and stir not, but upon extreme occasions. But if the motion of these little atoms were as useful as it is restless, I had rather be a mote than a mountain.

UPON A PAIR OF SPECTACLES.

I LOOK upon these, not as objects, but as helps; as not meaning that my sight should rest in them, but pass through them, and by their aid discern some other things which I desire to see; many such glasses my soul hath and useth. I look through the glass of the creatures at the power and wisdom of their Maker. I look through the glass of the Scriptures, at the great mystery of redemption, and the glory of an heavenly inheritance. I look through God's favours, at his infinite mercy; through his judgments, at his incomprehensible justice: but as these spectacles of mine presuppose a faculty in the eye, and cannot give me sight when I want it, but only clear that sight which I have, no more can these glasses of the creatures, of Scriptures, of favours and judgments enable me to apprehend those blessed objects, except I have an eye of faith whereto they may be presented; these helps to an unbelieving man are but as spectacles to the blind. As the natural eyes, so the spiritual have their degrees of blindness; but I have ill improved my age, if, as my natural eyes decay, my spiritual eye be not cleared and confirmed; but at my best I shall never but need spectacles, till I come to see as I am seen. *Bishop Hall.*

THE CHRISTIAN AND INFIDEL CONTRASTED.

THE following is the view of human life, which is given by Voltaire the infidel:—

"Who can without horror consider the whole world as the empire of destruction? It abounds with wonders; it also abounds with victims. It is a vast field of carnage and contagion. Every species is without pity pursued and torn to pieces, through the earth, and air, and water. In man there is more wretchedness than in all the other animals put together. He loves life, and yet he knows

that he must die. If he enjoys transient good, he suffers various evils, and is at last devoured by worms. This knowledge is his fatal prerogative, other animals have it not. He spends the transient moments of his existence in diffusing the miseries which he suffers; in cutting the throats of his fellow creatures for pay; in cheating and being cheated; in serving that he might command; and in repenting of all he does. The bulk of mankind are nothing more than a crowd of wretches, equally criminal and unfortunate; and the globe contains rather carcases than men. I tremble at the review of the dreadful picture, to find that it contains a complaint against Providence itself: and I WISH I HAD NEVER BEEN BORN."

What a contrast is this view of human life, to that entertained by Haliburton, an eminent professor of theology at St. Andrew's! He says:—

"I shall shortly get a very different sight of God from what I have ever had, and shall be made meet to praise him for ever; oh! the thoughts of an incarnate Deity are sweet. Oh! how I wonder at myself, that I do not love him more, that I do not admire him more! What wonder that I can enjoy such composure under all my bodily pains, and in the view of death itself! What a mercy that, having the use of my reason, I can declare his goodness to my soul! I long for his salvation. I bless his name. I have found him, and die rejoicing in him. Oh, blessed be God that I was born! Oh that I was where he is! I have a father and mother, and ten brothers and sisters in heaven, and I shall be the eleventh. Oh! there is a telling in this providence, and I shall be telling it for ever! If there be such a glory in his conduct towards me now, what will it be to see the Lamb in the midst of the throne! BLESSED BE GOD THAT EVER I WAS BORN."

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on a Workman.

Visitor. IT will not hurt you, my friend, if, when you have the opportunity, you read over this tract, called "The Good Old Way." There are so many new ways pointed out now-a-days, that it is a matter of fear or of great doubt whither they will lead. There can, however, be no mistake

about "The good old way," for the Bible tells us that the wayfaring man, who walks there, though a fool, shall not err therein. But let me ask you a simple question, Do you know your right hand from your left?

Workman. If I may be bold enough to say so, that question is a simple one indeed. I should think that few people could be found so ignorant as all that comes to.

Visitor. We read in the prophet Jonah, that in the ancient city of Nineveh, there were six score thousand persons in such a situation.

Workman. That must have been a queer sort of a city I take it, and the people who lived there a sad set of folks. If it had had half the schools that we have now, every man, woman, and child among them, must have known more than they did.

Visitor. Perhaps so, though many people think that these six score thousand persons were young children. But Nineveh was a very wicked city, and as the inhabitants chose evil rather than good, so they were ignorant of the things which belonged to their peace. In this sense, then, they knew not their right hand from their left.

Workman. Oh, if that is what you mean, there are folks enough in such a situation, for I suppose there are now as many drunkards, and sabbath-breakers, and thieves among us, as ever there were in the city of Nineveh.

Visitor. Then greater the pity, and the stronger the necessity of our understanding for ourselves, and our teaching to others also, the knowledge of "The good old way." I shall leave the tract with you, and trust that when I next ask you if you know your right hand from your left, you will not only understand what I mean, but be able, also, to give me a satisfactory answer.

I must now take my leave.

Call on the Lame.

Visitor. This is a pleasant evening, Mr. Johnson, and I see that you are disposed to make the most of it by walking out.

Mr. Johnson. Yes, for it is a glorious sight to see the setting sun. I cannot take so much exercise as those who are upright, but God is merciful to me; he suits the back to the burden.

Visitor. In his goodness he can make amends for every bodily infirmity. Though you are halt, he can make you "run without weariness, and walk without fainting" in the way of his commandments. We make sad mistakes when we judge of the state of our fellow sinners by their outward circumstances. A domestic in the royal household once pitied a poor Christian, and boasted of his own better fortune, saying that he had the promise of the king to keep him in his service. "Pity me not," meekly replied the humble servant of Christ, "for I have the promise of the King of kings that I shall reign with him in glory." Now, if you are blessed with the favour of God, like this poor Christian, you stand in no need of pity; for it is better to go halt into eternal life, than having the use of your limbs, to run headlong the downward road of destruction.

Mr. Johnson. Very true, sir; I am quite satisfied, unworthy as I am, that my infirmities have been the means in God's hands of keeping me from many sins and many sorrows. They have another good effect too, they teach me to feel for all that are affected in like manner.

Visitor. Ay, that is one of the especial uses of affliction. A friend once told me, that he did not know whether for several years he had met with more than a dozen people with crutches, till having the misfortune to break a rib, it was necessary for him to use crutches himself. The very first time that he went out with them, he was surprised to find so many people in the streets hobbling about like himself; but afterwards he was convinced that no more people used crutches than formerly, and that it was his own infirmities which had opened his eyes and his heart to notice the infirmities of his fellow men.

Mr. Johnson. It is the very same with me; time has been, when no doubt I passed by many who were as lame as I now am, without noticing them, but it would be difficult for a lame man to pass me now unobserved. I have been so long halt, that I am quite reconciled to my infirmity. He who has withheld from me the proper use of my limbs, has put his peace into my heart, and his praises into my mouth.

Visitor. Ay, that is a mercy indeed. I fancy, Mr. Johnson, that it has been God's grace, and not the long period of your affliction that has reconciled you to your infirmities. When a sinner knows that Christ died for him, whether he be halt,

or whether he be whole, nothing can keep him from singing the praises of the Lamb that was slain. "The whole life of a Christian should be nothing but praises to God. We should neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep, nor talk, but as doing all to God's glory and praise." But I am going a different road to the one you are about to take. Good afternoon, Mr. Johnson, good afternoon.

THE MILK CARRIER.

A FEW days ago, R. D. came to our door as usual with his milk-cans, and brought our evening supply of milk: he complained of being poorly, and being an aged man, had a boy to help him in carrying his pails. The very next morning he arose as usual to go forth to his daily walk, but the hand of God arrested him, and before he could leave his bed-room, his spirit was in the presence of his God. He had lived as hundreds still live, "without God in the world;" the sabbath, through his occupation, had been almost entirely neglected for the spiritual purposes for which it was given; and his soul, so far as human observation could go, was quite unprepared for so sudden an exchange of worlds. Here we leave him. Not with the dead, but with the yet living milk carrier, does the writer wish to have to do. There are yet thousands perhaps in this nominally Christian land, who are spending their sabbaths as R. D. did. While diligently pursuing with uprightness the daily calling of life, they are equally regardless of the great end of their being; labouring only for "the meat which perisheth," but quite neglecting "the bread of life," notwithstanding eternal banishment from God's presence must be the result of their spiritual indifference. Now, these things ought not so to be; man was not made for this life only; it was not that his chief employment should be to minister to the necessaries and comforts of the bodies of his fellow creatures, that God breathed into him the breath of life, and he became a living soul. No, it was for higher ends than these; it was to know God here, and to enjoy him for ever, that man had the faculties of his mind, and the accountability of his spirit, committed unto him. "Man's chief end is to know God, and to glorify him, and to enjoy him for ever;" and hence it follows, that

for all the time, the abilities, the energies, and the labours of our lives, to be devoted to temporal pursuits, cannot be pleasing to God, any more than it is conducive to our own peace and eternal welfare.

Should not the salvation of those persons whose time is chiefly occupied in ministering to our bodily accommodations press heavily upon our consciences and desires as Christians? And should not some special means be devised to take the gospel to those whose occupations (for our comfort) tempt them from attending on public worship, or otherwise making the salvation of their souls their first concern.—*A recent occurrence*, 1841.

THE DYING MILKWOMAN.

When in health she was surrounded by a numerous young family, whose necessities were great and urgent. Her calling required much attention, and she devoted to it, and her family, every hour of the day, forgetful, indeed, of the Saviour's admonition, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," Matt. vi. 33. The salvation of her soul had scarcely ever been regarded, and she was a total stranger to the privileges of public worship. There were times when conscience did speak, and thoughts of death and hell did cross her mind; but then she thought that though religion was very right and good for those who had leisure, yet her time was so fully taken up, that it would almost be an excuse for her neglect of it.

The milkwoman, at length, was afflicted, and she who could not find one hour in a year, in which to serve God in health, now had six months of retirement from the duties of life; but then it was on a sick bed; and during this time many and painful were the reflections that passed through her mind. A Christian woman visited her, and found that an anxiety was awakened, that she began to perceive her danger, and deplored her ignorance of these things. The kind visitor brought to her bed-side a Christian minister, and it pleased the Lord greatly to bless his visit to her soul. He directed her daughter to read from Rom. iii. 19—26; and during an hour's conversation explained the way of a sinner's acceptance through the blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. The Holy Spirit seemed to enlighten the minds both of speaker and hearer, so that it was a season of peculiar mercy. The truth

God seemed to penetrate the mind of the afflicted woman, and produced such expressions of self abasement, astonishment, and delight, that appeared truly to indicate a heart prepared to receive the Saviour. She said she had never before understood that such was the doctrine of the gospel; the Lord seemed at once to lead her to understand, and cordially to embrace the offers of his salvation, and to enter into the richness of the glorious passage of Scripture just read, "That God might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus." The minister laid open before her fully and clearly the utter impossibility of a sinful creature being justified before God by his own obedience; the propitiatory sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ; and the manifestation of the righteousness of God, by faith in Jesus; and the full remission of sins through faith in his name: all this she was enabled to receive into her heart. She was commended by hearty prayer to the mercy of God through the Lord Jesus Christ, and the minister left her full of hope and peace in believing. Surely, this was a brand plucked out of the burning? From this time she continued wonderfully to grow in grace and heavenly knowledge, and on his next visit he was surprised at the change which the Holy Spirit had effected; she was longing and ardently desiring to know more of her Saviour's love, and to be filled with the fulness of God. In this last visit he again repeated to her the delightful verses he at first read, and directed her to look daily to the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, Teacher, and Sanctifier, that she might be taught all things; this she was enabled to do, and for a month continued to manifest a growth in grace that betokened a meetness for heaven. With self abasement, and humble confidence, she died in the Lord, resting all her hopes, as a guilty transgressor, on the atoning sacrifice and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ, "the Lord our Righteousness."

There is a fountain filled with blood
  Drawn from the Saviour's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
  Lose all their guilty stains.

The dying thief rejoiced to see
  That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
  Wash all my sins away.

From the Home Missionary Magazine, 1829.

LORD'S DAY RECOLLECTIONS.—No. V.

"Let us walk not in rioting and drunkenness," Rom. xiii. 13. "Above all things, my brethren, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea, be yea; and your nay, nay, lest ye fall into condemnation," James v. 12. "O God, how long shall the adversary reproach? shall the enemy blaspheme thy name for ever?" Psa. lxxiv. 10.

DRUNKENNESS, and blasphemy, and swearing, are at all times highly offensive to God's people; but never do they appear in so fearful a light as when brought into direct contrast with holy things.

I was once present in a place of Divine worship, when the minister set forth in a very striking manner the joys of heaven, and the dreadful torments of hell. His observations were of the most solemn kind, and the congregation was much affected by his earnestness and eloquence. The minister had finished his description of the terrors of the eternal world to those against whom the sentence had gone forth, "Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels," Matt. xxv. 41, and a solemn pause had followed, when a loud and hoarse voice cried out, with an oath, that what had been said was "a cursed lie." The congregation was horrified. Again the loud rough voice sounded through the church, "It is a cursed lie!" Great confusion prevailed, and the drunken blasphemer who, standing in one of the aisles, had uttered the withering words, was hurried away by force from the place.

I have seen drunkenness too often in different situations; I have heard swearing and blasphemy within doors and without; but never did they appear to me so dreadful as when openly set forth in the house of God. "Awake, ye drunkards, and weep and howl, all ye drinkers of wine," Joel i. 5. "I will be a swift witness against false swearers," Mal. iii. 5.

THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

NOTHING but the love of Christ can produce holy and uniform obedience. Other principles may be powerful in their way, and produce external decorum and zeal in doing that which is useful; but the love of Christ is the only principle

that can lead you successfully to combat the sin that dwelleth in you, to set at nought alike the opposition and the flattery of sinful men, and "earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints," Jude 3. Talking about food or medicine will not remove hunger or disease; and assuredly speaking about religion will never quiet an uneasy mind, silence an accusing couscience, or deliver from the fear of death. Our blessed Saviour left the glory which he had with the Father before the world was, John xvii. 5, and became incarnate, that, as man, he might obey the law for man, and suffer death, which is the penalty of it, in order that the gates of heaven might be opened to all believers without any distinction of clime, or country, or colour, or station, Gal. iii. 13—28. In the great work of redemption, the three Persons of the Godhead appear in the full exercise of their love and power, each executing the work which was devised by infinite wisdom. God the Father "so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. God the Son gave himself "an offering for sin," Isa. liii. 10. God the Holy Ghost guides into all truth, and glorifies the Son and the Father who are one, John xvi. 13—15. The doctrine of the Trinity is one out of which the child of God cannot be reasoned, because he carries with him, in the experience of his inmost soul, a proof of its truth. He is convinced that if God the Father had not first loved him, he neither would nor could have loved God, 1 John iv. 19; he is convinced, also, that through the redemption of God the Son he is justified freely, which he could not have been had he given the fruit of his body for the sin of his soul, Micah vi. 7; and he is equally convinced that he should never have known the value of the Father's love, nor of the "unspeakable gift," (Christ,) 2 Cor. ix. 15, were it not for the influence of the Holy Ghost in enlightening the eyes of his understanding, Eph. i. 18, in imparting wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of God, Eph. i. 17, in convincing "of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment," John xvi. 8, and in giving access unto the Father through the Son, Eph. ii. 18.

From the Twenty-fifth Annual Address of the Rev. P. Roe.

IRISH SOBRIETY.

For many a long year has Ireland been notorious for excessive drinking and reckless mirth, but a spirit of reformation seems now to be spreading through the length and the breadth of the land; the following sketch taken from a new publication, called, "Ireland, its Scenery, Character, etc." is only one among many said to be copied from the life. The narrator was a cottager in the suburbs of Cork, who was sitting at her own door knitting stockings; it can hardly fail to excite interest in the mind of the reader.

"My husband is a wheelwright, and always earned his guinea a-week; he was a good workman, and neither a bad man, nor a bad husband, but the love of the drink was strong in him; and it was not often he brought me home more than five shillings out of his one pound one on a Saturday night. And it broke my heart to see the poor children, too ragged to send to school, to say nothing of the starved look they had out of the little I could give them. Well, God be praised, he took the pledge; and the next Saturday he laid twenty-one shillings upon the chair you sit upon. Oh! did'nt I give thanks on my bended knees that night! Still, I was fearful it wouldn't last, and I spent no more than the five shillings I was used to, saying to myself, May be, the money will be more wanted than it is now. Well, the next week he brought me the same, and the next, and the next, until eight weeks passed; and, glory be to God! there was no change for the bad in my husband; and all the while he never asked me why there was nothing better for him out of his hard earnings. So I felt there was no fear of him; and the ninth week when he came home to me, I had this table bought and these six chairs; one for myself, four for the children, and one for himself. And I was dressed in a new gown, and the children all had new clothes and shoes and stockings, and upon his own chair I put a bran-new suit; and upon his plate I put the bill and resate for them all—just the eight sixteen shillings they cost, that I'd saved out of his wages, not knowing what might happen, and that always before went for drink. And he cried, good lady and good gentleman, he cried like a babby, but 'twas with thanks to God; and now where's the healthier man than my husband in the county Cork, or a happier wife than myself, or dacenter or better fed children than our own four?"

As the work whence this is taken is of unquestionable authority, another extract will here be given, which is enough to make every drunkard hide his head for very shame, and every lover of temperance and sobriety to rejoice.

"In reference to the extent to which sobriety has spread, it will be almost sufficient to state that during our recent stay in Ireland, from the 10th of June to the 6th of September, 1840, we saw but six persons intoxicated; and that for the first thirty days we had not encountered one. In the course of that month we had travelled from Cork to Killarney, round the coast, returning by the inland route; not along mail-coach roads, but on a 'jaunting car,' through byways as well as highways; visiting small villages and populous towns; driving through fairs; attending wakes and funerals, (returning from one of which, between Glengariff and Kenmare, at nightfall, we met at least a hundred substantial farmers, mounted,) in short, wherever crowds were assembled, and we considered it likely we might gather information as to the state of the country and the character of its people. We repeat, we did not meet a single individual who appeared to have tasted spirits; and we do not hesitate to express our conviction, that two years ago, in the same places, and during the same time, we should have encountered many thousand drunken men. From first to last, we employed, perhaps, fifty car-drivers: we never found one to accept a drink; the boatmen at Killarney, proverbial for drunkenness, insubordination, and recklessness of life, declined the whiskey we had taken with us for the bugle-player, who was not 'pledged,' and after hours of hard labour, dipped a can into the lake, and refreshed themselves from its waters."

COPY OF A LETTER WRITTEN TO A SICK MAN.

My Dear Friend,—I have been reflecting on your case since I last saw you, and I am anxious to write you a few lines, to give you all the encouragement the word of God warrants me to do. I hope you have too much good sense to be offended at anything I have said to you; I can assure you it is from my anxiety for your eternal welfare. You have a soul that must live for ever. If I have expressed any doubt or fear respecting you, it was that I might know upon what foundation you are resting your hopes for eternity. I have stated to you upon each occasion I have visited you, that we must see and feel ourselves to be sinners, and as such we must come to Jesus Christ by repentance and faith, and under such feelings our prayer will be "God be merciful to us sinners." You acknowledge you have not spent your sabbaths as you ought to have done. I would ask you, Have you not felt unholy desires within you? have you not neglected the means of grace? have you loved and served God in the days of life

and health, as you ought to have done? If you admit these charges, is it not clear you have broken the holy law of God? This is not your case only, but the case of all, for all have sinned; but "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life." And there is every encouragement given to poor sinners, in the word of God, to return to him; and I may say to you, as a poor sinner, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world," John i. 29.

I wish you to turn your attention more to the study of the Bible, and endeavour to understand it. Remember Christ must be all or nothing, for he is the only foundation which God has laid in Zion for sinners to rest their hopes upon; for there is no other name given under heaven whereby we can be saved, but the name of Jesus. I must candidly confess to you my suspicions were excited, when I heard you had so quickly passed from one state to another. I believe I was the first person who spoke to you about the concerns of your soul and the eternity to come; and in the following week, when calling to see you, I did but little more than say, I hoped you had not forgotten what I said to you upon my former visit, when you were to all appearance a stranger to religion; then when I was told you was confined to your bed, were perfectly happy and resigned to the will of the Lord, and prepared to die, my desire was to know how this change had been effected. That I should feel such concern for you is not surprising to those who know anything of the Bible and their own hearts, and of the dealings of God with his people; and should you be spared to know more of these things, you will acknowledge the same. Now, I wish you to understand I did not doubt your word when you spoke of the peace and happiness you enjoyed, nor was it, nor is it, my wish to disturb it; but there are so many passages of Scripture which declare the depravity and deceitfulness of the human heart, and so many cautions in the word of God which prove the possibility of our deceiving ourselves, that I think it but right to draw your attention to them. Why is it said, "Let a man examine himself, judge himself, prove himself?" If you find you are resting all your hopes for pardon and salvation and eternal life on Jesus Christ, you shall have rejoicing in yourself. If God the Holy Spirit has shown you your lost state, as a sinner before God, and your need of a Saviour, he will enable you to cast yourself on him; and it is only by faith in his merits you can obtain acceptance with God, and by believing on him, even Jesus, and loving him, that you will find peace and joy; and this will be the fruit of faith brought home to the heart by the Holy Spirit. Now, what I wish for

you is, that you may inquire of yourself if these things are really so. If you are the subject of this great change, then you know what it is to be "born again," to be "regenerated," to be "converted," to be passed from "death unto life," from "darkness to light," and to be renewed in the "spirit of your mind. And each day you live, you will feel that Christ is more and more precious to you, as he is to all who believe; and as you read your Bible, you will find many sweet and precious promises which will support and comfort you under all your sufferings, and brighten your prospects as you draw near eternity.

Let me pen a few words for your comfort, which our Lord Jesus Christ spake while on earth:—"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "I am the Resurrection and the Life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." "I go to prepare a place for you, that where I am, there ye may be also." Read attentively, as soon as you can, the third chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians and the seventh chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians, and ask your own heart, if you have ever known anything of that godly sorrow for sin, which worketh repentance unto life that needeth not to be repented of. Bring yourself to trial, as in the sight of that heart-searching God, at whose bar of judgment we must all of us shortly appear.

Whatever there is in the Bible you do not understand, ask by prayer to God to give you his Holy Spirit to teach you what you know not; for he has promised to give his Holy Spirit to lead us and guide us into all truth. Let me entreat you to try every feeling and desire by the word of God, nor rest satisfied with anything less than a scriptural assurance of interest in the Saviour.

I shall be glad to give you any explanation of anything I have said or written, if you let me know; and may the Lord give you understanding in all things.

Believe me

Your friend and well-wisher,

December 1, 1840. W. C.

THE UNION OF SOUL AND BODY.

ABRIDGED FROM FLAVEL.

THE breath and soul of man are two distinct things. His breath is not his soul, nor his soul his breath, but the bond

that couples and unites his soul and body in a personal union. The body hath no life in itself, but its life results from its union with the soul, James ii. 26. This union is maintained by the breath of our nostrils, which, upon that account, is here called the breath of life. Breath is an act of life, proceeding from the soul's union with its body, and ending with the dissolution of it. Life is continued by its respiration, and ended by its expiration. Whilst we live, and, whilst breath is in our bodies, are terms synominous.

For the use and office of respiration, the lungs were formed and placed where they are, not without the most wise counsel and direction of God. These lungs are the most frail and tender part of the body, and kept in continual motion and agitation; yet are made serviceable for seventy or eighty years together, which is the wonder of Providence. Were a piece of brass, iron, or steel, kept in continual and incessant use, it would not endure half the time.

The nostrils are the outer door of the body, our breath is continually in our nostrils; and how soon may that depart which is day and night at the door, as if it were still taking its leave of us! Our breath is always going, and what is still going, will be gone at last. How small a difference is there betwixt respiration and expiration!—a breathing, and a breathless lump of clay! Breath cannot continue long, and life cannot stay a moment behind it. "Thou takest away their breath, they die, and return to their dust," Psa. civ. 29. Many grudge at the shortness of life; but considering the feebleness of this bond, we have more cause to wonder at the slowness of death. Many mortal diseases are incident to these frail and tender parts, and bar the passage of our breath there. Yea, an apparent trifle, a fly, a gnat, a crumb of bread, is sufficient to stop our breath, and dislodge our souls. There is not a pore in our body, but is a door large enough to let in death; nor a creature so despicably small, but is strong enough (if God commission it) to serve a writ of ejectment upon the soul. The multitude of diseases are so many lighted candles put to this slender thread of our breath, besides the infinite diversity of external accidents, by which multitudes daily perish. So that there are as great and astonishing wonders in our preservation, as in our creation. That our breath is yet in our nostrils is only from hence, that He who breathed into them at first is our life, and the length of our days, as it is in Deut. xxx. 20. It is because our breath is in his hand, Dan. v. 23, not in our own, or in our enemies' hand. Till He take it away, none shall be able to do it, Psa. civ. 29. It is neither food nor physic, but God in and by them that holdeth our soul in life, Psa. lxvi. 9. We

hang every moment of our life over the grave, and the gulf of eternity, by this slender thread of our breath; but it cannot break, how feeble soever it be, till the time appointed be fully come. If it be not extinguished and suffocated as others daily are, it is because He puts none of those diseases upon us, as it is Exod. xv. 26; or if he do, he is the Lord that healeth us, as it follows in that text. Oh, what cause have we to employ and spend that breath in his praise, who works so many daily wonders to secure it! Is it but a puff of breath which holds our souls and bodies in union? then every man is deeply concerned to make all haste, to take all possible care and pains, to secure a better and more durable habitation for his soul in heaven, whilst yet it sojourns in this frail tabernacle of the body. The time is at hand, when all these comely and active bodies shall be so many breathless carcasses, no more capable of any use or service for our souls, than the seats you sit on, or the dead bodies that lie buried under your feet. Your breath is yet in your nostrils, and all the means and seasons of salvation will expire with it, and then it will be as impossible for the best minister in the world to help your souls, as for the ablest physician to recover your bodies. As physic comes too late for the one, so counsels and persuasions for the other. Three things are worth thinking of on this matter.

1. That you are not without the hopes and possibilities of salvation, whilst the breath of life is in your nostrils. A mercy (how lightly soever you value it) that would, were it offered, fill with joy those miserable souls that are in eternity, and turn the shrieks and groans of the damned into joyful shouts and acclamations of praise. Poor wretch, consider what thou readest; that thy soul is not yet in Christ, is thy greatest misery, but that yet it may be in Christ is an unspeakable mercy; though thy salvation be not yet secured, yet what a mercy is it that it is not desperate!

2. When this uncertain health is once expired, the last hope of every unregenerate person is gone for ever; it is as impossible to recover hope, as it is to recover your departed breath, or recal the day that is past. When the breath is gone, the composition is dissolved; we cease to be what we now are; and our life is as water spilt upon the ground, which shall not be gathered up till the resurrection. Our life is carried like a precious liquor in a brittle glass, which death breaks to pieces. The spirit is immediately presented to God, and fixed in its unalterable state, Heb. ix. 27. All means of salvation now cease for ever; no ambassadors of peace are sent to the dead; no more calls or strivings of the Spirit; no more space for repentance. Oh, what an

inconceivable weight hath God hanged upon a puff of breath!

3. And since matters stand thus, it is to be admired what shifts men make to quiet themselves in so dangerous a state as most souls live in; quiet and unconcerned, and yet but one puff of breath betwixt them and hell. Oh, the stupifying and besotting nature of sin! Oh, the efficacy and power of spiritual delusions! Are our lives such a throng and hurry of business, that we have no time to go alone, and think where we are, and where we shortly must be? What shall I say? If bodily concerns be so weighty, and the matters of eternity such trifles; if meat, and drink, and trade, and children, be such great things; and Christ, and soul, and heaven, hell, and the world to come, such little things in your eyes, you will not be long in that opinion, I dare assure you. There is no more than a puff of breath, a blast of wind, betwixt this world and that to come; a very short step betwixt time and eternity: there is a breath which will be our last breath; respiration must terminate in expiration; the dead are the inhabitants of, and the living are borderers upon, the invisible world. This consideration deserves a dwelling-place in the hearts of all men, whether regenerate or unregenerate. Regenerate souls should ponder this with pleasure. Oh, it is transporting to think how small a matter is betwixt them and their complete salvation! No sooner is your breath gone, but the full desire of your hearts is come; every breath you draw, draws you nearer to your perfect happiness. Now is your salvation nearer than when you believed, Rom. xiii. 11.; therefore both your cheerfulness and diligence should be greater than when you were in the infancy of your faith. You have run through a considerable part of your Christian course and race, and are now come nearer the goal and prize of eternal life. Oh! despond not; loiter not now at last, you who were so fervent and zealous in the beginning. It is transporting to think how near you approach the region of light and joy. Oh that you would distinctly consider where you lately were—where now you are—where shortly you shall be!

THE LATE DOCTOR ROBERT MORRISON.

The great Chinese scholar and missionary, the founder of the Anglo-Chinese College, the author of the great Anglo-Chinese Dictionary, (a stupendous monument of human ingenuity, labour, and perseverance,) and the first translator of the beauties and blessings of Scripture into a language spoken by upwards of four hundred millions of the human

race, had to struggle against all the supposed obstacles of low birth and poverty. The son of a poor last and boot-tree maker, in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne, he was himself an apprentice and industrious workman at the same humble trade. But a passion for knowledge and intellectual attainment—originating in his case, it would seem, in an over-mastering religious sentiment—seized him in early life, and every incident in his after career only proved what surpassing purity and enduring strength belong to such a passion. Excellence was with him, as with other great scholars who have equally proved their easy superiority to adverse circumstances, the simple and natural result of a strong determination to excel. A good memory and a lively sensibility to external impressions, are the only advantages we take him to have been at this period in possession of, besides the strength of resolution we have named. The last had its origin, in a peculiar religious fervour, which animated him to the latest moment of his life with an unselfish desire to benefit his fellow creatures.

Nothing can conquer a desire which originates in such a motive, and proposes as its object the acquisition of knowledge. The love of knowledge is, in itself, the attainment of knowledge. Poverty or toil discourages it in vain. It supplies the scarcity of time by the concentration of attention, and replaces comfort by self-denial. No man proved this better than the subject of this notice. No one ever proved more satisfactorily that the privileges and delights of intellectual cultivation depend upon the man himself, and not upon his external fortunes. The learned Doctor Morrison, surrounded by all the accommodations of study in his library and learned leisure at Canton, was not a more laborious or successful student than the last-maker's apprentice, who stole his leisure from toil-purchased sleep in the poor workshop of Newcastle.

TEXTS MISQUOTED.

FROM THE CONNECTICUT OBSERVER.

Error. For they rest from their labours, etc.

Correction. That they may rest from their labours, Rev. xiv. 13.

Er. The merciful man is merciful to his beast.

Cor. A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast, Prov. xii. 10.

Er. That he who runneth may read it.

Cor. That he may run that readeth it, Hab. ii. 2.

Er. Who giveth us all things richly to enjoy.

Cor. Who giveth us richly all things, etc., 1 Tim. vi. 17.

Er. I the Lord search the heart, I try the reins of the children of men.

Cor. Children of men not in the text, Jer. xvii. 10.

Er. Having the promise of the life that now is, etc.

Cor. Having promise, etc., 1 Tim. iv. 8.

Er. And to give you an inheritance among them that are sanctified.

Cor. Among all them which are sanctified, Acts xx. 32.

Er. Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, etc.

Cor. All ye that labour and are heavy laden, etc., Matt. xi. 28.

Er. And sitteth him on the pinnacle of the temple.

Cor. On a pinnacle of the temple, Matt. iv. 5.

Er. Behold I bring you glad tidings of great joy, etc.

Cor. Good tidings, etc., Luke ii. 10.

Er. The night cometh wherein no man can work.

Cor. When no man can work, John ix. 4.

Er. Testifying, etc., repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ.

Cor. And faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ, Acts xx. 21.

Er. The liberal man deviseth liberal things, etc.

Cor. The liberal deviseth liberal things, etc. Isa. xxxii. 8.

Er. I will pour, etc., the spirit of prayer and supplication, etc.

Cor. The spirit of grace and of supplications, Zech. xii. 10. —Blended with Dan. ix. 3; To seek by prayer and supplications.

Er. He is able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by him, etc.

Cor. He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God, etc., Heb. vii. 25.

Er. Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them to bless them.

Cor. To bless them, not in the text, Matt. xviii. 20.

Er. Remember therefore from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do thy first works.

Cor. The first works, Rev. ii. 5.

Er. Clothed in his right mind.

Cor. Clothed, and in his right mind, Mark v. 15.

[A long list of the *misapplications* of Scripture might be made. Among those heard in Sunday-school meetings, none is more common than a perversion of part of the 18th verse of the 8th chapter of Isaiah: ("Behold, I and the children

whom the Lord hath given me")—which is used to express the happiness with which a teacher will enter heaven with his converted pupils; but the words are merely the beginning of an assertion of the prophet, having a totally different meaning. "Behold, I and the children whom the Lord hath given me are for signs and for wonders in Israel from the Lord of hosts which dwelleth in Mount Zion." The use made of this expression in Hebrews ii. 13, is equally wide from the erroneous application referred to.]

GIN-DRINKING THE ROAD TO RUIN.

WHOE'ER sits down with thoughtful mind to trace
The different paths of ruin and disgrace,
May thus the dreadful list at once begin—
The *readiest* road to woe is drinking gin.

While multitudes unnumber'd, thoughtless, free,
Pursue this course of evil, all agree,
Who see them thronging down the paths of sin,
That ruin's *broadest* road is drinking gin.

With eager speed their downward course they rove,
And their succeeding days too clearly prove—
So fleet their progress when they once begin—
That ruin's *shortest* road is drinking gin.

Oh, turn thy back at once upon the place
Which leads to folly, misery, and disgrace:
Go on if thou destruction swift would'st win,
For ruin's *surest* road is drinking gin.

Avoid this snare which lurks in every place,
And seek, with all thy soul, the Saviour's grace:
The path is open wide to mercy's throne,
Christ is the heavenly way, and Christ alone.

If led astray in sin's bewildering hour,
Now seek the Saviour's pardoning grace and power,
Bend lowly down beneath his chastening rod,
And, saved from ruin, be a child of God.

Thus wilt thou 'scape the agony and strife
That gnaw the drunkard's aching heart through life,
And say to those who tread this path of sin—
'Avoid the road to ruin!—fly from gin."

OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

UPON THE RUINS OF AN ABBEY.

It is not so easy to say what it was that built up these walls, as what it was that pulled them down; even the wickedness of the possessors.

Every stone hath a tongue to accuse the superstition, hypocrisy, idleness, luxury of the late owners.

Methinks I see it written all along in capital letters upon these heaps—"A fruitful land maketh he barren for the iniquity of those that dwell therein." Perhaps there wanted not some sacrilege in the demolishers: in all the carriage of these businesses there was a just hand that knew how to make a wholesome and profitable use of mutual sins; full little did the builders or the in-dwellers think that this costly and warm fabric, should so soon end violently in a desolate rubbish. It is not for us to be high-minded, but to fear; no roof is so high, no wall so strong, as that sin cannot level it with the dust. Were any pile so close that it could keep out air, yet it could not keep out judgment where sin hath been before admitted.

In vain shall we promise stability to those houses which

part they were heaping it into cocks, and in a third part they were pitching it with long hay forks on a high piled waggon.

For some time I stood watching them at their sultry employment, now and then stroking the smooth, shining skins of the horses of the loaded waggon, and at other times patting the head of the black and tan coloured terrier that lay under the hedge, on the men's clothes, with the wooden bottle of drink beside him. The grasshopper chirruped among the hay, the field mouse hid himself in the grass, the butterfly fluttered over my head, and the bee with a loud humming noise skimmed swiftly along close to my ear.

While the people were all engaged at their work, the farmer's son came into a part of the field where the hay that lay in ridges was being turned over, and began to rate the work people soundly that they did not get on faster. He was a fine spirited young fellow; and very soon, with a hay fork in his hands, he was at work as hard as the best of them. Not a man in the whole field got on so fast as he did.

For half an hour he moved about the field, turned over the ridges, scattered the hay, piled it in cocks, and helped to load the wagon in a surprising manner. While this was going on, I heard an old labourer say in an under tone to his companion, "Our young master, yonder, thinks himself a mighty clever fellow, but he has not been at work above half an hour. We shall see how he gets on towards sunset." In ten minutes after this the young farmer began to flag; and in ten minutes more he threw down his hay fork, and walked out of the field.

As it was in the hay field of the farmer, so is it often in the field of Christian profession. Those who have been long trained in the Christian course, who have "borne the heat and burden of the day," go on steadily; but by and by comes a fresh convert among them, young and strong, confident and inexperienced. He sets out ardently in his Christian course, and blames the tardiness of his old friends. He reads the Scriptures diligently, prays fervently, runs from one place of Divine worship to another, talks loudly of holy things, wonders why others do not do as he does, and undertakes to teach others, when he himself requires an instructor.

For a time he goes on wonderfully well, all ardour and sincerity, seeming to prosper and to carry every thing before him, while Christians around him, of more experience, quietly say one to another, "Our young friend, with God's grace, will carry himself more meekly by and by; at present he is strong in his own strength, and wise in his own wisdom; he will be mercifully taught, as he goes on, that the race is not won by running fast at the beginning, but by enduring to the end. Let be, let us see if he will endure hardness as a faithful soldier, resisting temptation, bearing persecution, and demeaning himself humbly and confidingly even in the hiding of God's countenance."

After awhile the young convert falls, perhaps, into temptation; when he would do good, evil is present with him; or his patience is overcome by some trial; or his spirits fail him: happy for him if he does not forsake his profession, and if holding on his way he is instructed in the meaning of the words, "Our sufficiency is of God."

He is, perhaps, afflicted for his good; for "tribulation worketh patience, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed." With less ardour and confidence, but with more meekness and steadiness, he now goes on his way, not half so anxious to blame others as to correct himself. He feels the want of a light to his feet, and a lantern to his paths, as well as of a rod and staff to sustain him in every step of his pilgrimage. With a cross before him on earth, and a crown of glory as his heavenly inheritance, his hope is mingled with godly fear, and his zeal is tempered with humility. Thus, under the Divine teaching, from a child in godliness he grows up into the full stature of a Christian man.

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. II.

Of great value and beauty are those excellences of character which spring from a change of heart. He who would in no wise blaspheme the name of Christ with his lips by profane words, will sometimes by inconsistent conduct cause the world to question the reality of that change which he professes to have undergone; while the integrity, sincerity, and propriety of the consistent Christian, carried out into whatever circumstances he is placed, puts to silence the

reproach of the scoffer, is convincing to the candid observer, strengthens the courage of fellow Christians, and proves the vigour of the root of the matter in the soul.

A friendly invitation was given me during the summer of 18— to pass a few weeks at the residence of my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Halbert, in whose family I expected to find a picture of domestic happiness; nor was I disappointed.

With how much interest do we view some favourite plants, upon which the florist has exerted his care and skill, the well trained stem, the healthful leaves, the perfect blossoms are his delight; he carefully protects his favourites from injury, nips every unsightly or irregular excrescence, and trains and encourages the growth of every hopeful shoot! To such plants I may well compare the children of Mr. and Mrs. Halbert; they are fine specimens of what may be done, with the blessing of God, by consistent Christian parents of every rank. Mr. and Mrs. H. are remarkable for a most desirable union of sentiment and purpose. I heard none of those cross words or bickerings in the presence of their children, to which some parents give way, and which have been known to produce the worst results on the minds of children. But I must pass on to my subject.

"And you must really go this evening," said Mrs. H. to her husband, as they entered the garden gate together.

"This evening, and that without delay," was the reply.

All his wishes were immediately attended to without any bustle; the table was spread, the list of matters to be attended to in his absence was given, the articles of clothing being all in perfect readiness were soon packed up, and after commending himself and all he was about to leave behind to the care of the Father of mercies, he was with his wife soon on their walk to the railroad station, enjoying the last few minutes, before their separation, in kind conversation.

He entered the office, paid the fare, and forthwith was seated for travelling. Soon the stately train moved steadily on, and, increasing its speed, was in a very few moments far beyond her view. The wife returned quickly to the circle in which she was now called to double exertion.

Mrs. Halbert, at the usual hour of family prayer, told me that she considered it her duty never to neglect the family worship during her husband's absence, and calling

her servants and elder children around her, this duty and privilege was attended to with much propriety.

The next morning I found that my friend rose before her usual time, (which was never late,) and by this means so arranged the affairs of her house and her numerous family, as to leave leisure for unexpected business which might call for her management that day, and to perform in their proper time and place those things to which her husband had directed her attention.

With despatch and alacrity I saw her answer such letters as her knowledge of business permitted. She kept an exact account of all matters needful to be explained, and laid it before her husband on his return. Her utmost caution and prudence were exercised whenever she had to act in a case of difficulty; never did she decide without lifting up her heart to God for direction, and seldom was her decision found to be an unwise one. Her husband's credit, his interest, his welfare, seemed now of double importance to her; his will was more than ever her guide.

Her diligence called forth my warm admiration, and I could not help expressing this as we sat at needlework together one morning.

"I have known wives," said I, "but for the credit of the sex let me add only here and there one, who take advantage of their husbands' absence, to indulge in what they know them to disapprove, to prosecute some scheme which they would not venture to suggest to them. Do they not by such artifices show a weak mind, unworthy of a kind and intelligent husband? Do they not by thus separating from that oneness of purpose, which should rule husband and wife, militate against their own interest; and for the sake of some petty indulgence, some indolent humour, or some cunning plan, forfeit that mutual confidence which should shed a lustre over their darkest day of affliction?"

Mrs. Halbert.—"O yes, I can truly say, that while like travellers and pilgrims here below, dark days and storms have overtaken us, our best earthly support has been that mutual confidence of which you speak; and, with the blessing of God, it has ofttimes brought peace and repose to our minds, when trials have abounded. My deep sense of responsibility," she continued, "in the absence of my husband, is heightened by sincere regard: were my neighbour

to repose trust in me, to do him wrong in his absence would be a sad breach of obligation, and very displeasing in the sight of God; and how much more so unfaithfulness in the discharge of those duties which a husband then commits to the care of his wife. Not duty alone, but inclination, will lead the Christian wife to take delight in the observance of every charge he has committed to her for his sake; nor can she have a greater comfort in her husband's absence, nor a better device for shortening their separation."

She then told me, that when first she married, the 11th verse of the 31st chapter of Proverbs struck her as being one of the keys to happiness in that state:—"The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her." "I earnestly prayed," said she, "that He, in whose hands are the hearts of all men, might enable me so to eschew all guile, as to deserve the full confidence of my husband. I humbly hope that I have not only prayed, but been watchful to guard against insincerity; and when with integrity, and full purpose of heart, I am in the fulfilment of some known duty, the satisfaction I experience compensates fully for any self-denial I am called to exercise. I have also the delight of reviewing such acts, and a still higher reward in the sweetness of his approbation; our bond of union also is thus firmly cemented, and I know from delightful experience, that such a course of truth and uprightness produces a reaction on the husband, and makes him mindful of the reasonable wishes of the wife, when she may happen to be absent.

"But I fear, my friend, that the interest I take in this subject has led me to speak about it too long; and besides, while I am talking here to you," said she, looking at her watch, "the time has arrived which calls me to attend to one of those observances of which we are always mindful when absent."

I begged to be informed to what she referred. My friend hesitated. "I do not know," said she, "why I should object to tell you, perchance it may suggest the adoption of the same plan to yourself. At an appointed hour every evening we meet, however far from each other, at the throne of grace; there I can convey all my cares, my inability to discharge my duties as I wish, my weakness and ignorance; and know that at that very hour one most dear is pleading with the great Intercessor for me; often has my burden

thus been lightened, and I have felt myself strengthened and refreshed. And when my husband has returned, and we have compared notes, he has often acknowledged the cheering influence of this appointment.

"Once, in particular, I recollect his telling me, that on a stormy evening, later than his usual travelling hours, he was passing through a dreary part of the country on horseback. Drenched with wet, fatigued in body, and dispirited in mind, he pursued his lonely course till the hour arrived when he knew that I should be present with him mentally; and though the night was dark, and the rain continued, the thought of this, and the comfort he found in lifting up his heart to God in secret prayer, so lightened his spirits, that he went on his way rejoicing, and was surprised to find himself so soon at his resting place for the night, so delightfully had his thoughts been employed."

But the time drew near for Mr Halbert to return. A letter received from him, naming when he might be expected, gladdened the household. The wife set about the pleasing task of preparing for his reception, all matters of business were perfectly arranged, the house was rendered neat in every part, the smiling faces of the children beamed with ecstasy at the thought of the father's return; and the serious and somewhat anxious expression the mother's face had lately borne, yielded to as joyous smiles as those of the merry prattlers around her.

We will introduce you, reader, to take a momentary glance at them after their meeting, and then leave them to their happiness, and you to your profitable reflections.

The children thronged around their father, some to climb his knees, others to tell of this and that which had interested them since last they met, till, having exhausted their tales of wonder, they heard many blessings from their father's mouth, and received some tokens of his fond remembrance.

The wife now gave a short account of all that had occurred of importance:—"This and that I despatched immediately," said she; "such a one's letter I answered: here I scarcely knew how to act, but thought you would best approve of such a plan. I withstood B.'s unjust demands, checked the insolence of Thomas, and encouraged the humble honest efforts of poor Charles. I knew you wished to help the struggler James, and therefore have put such

and such work into his hands. I contrived to arrange matters with C——; but in the affairs of K—— I knew that it would be dangerous for me to take any decided steps, and have, therefore, (I hope you will think wisely,) declined to interfere."

How did this attention, discretion, firmness, propriety, consideration, and good judgment, delight the husband, and how much time and trouble was thereby saved to him! Their conversation on these matters ended by his cordial approbation. His journeyings by the husband, and her tales of home by the wife, were recounted over the supper table, and thus, with minds serene and hearts attuned to the praise of the great Giver of all good, they concluded this happy evening.

Reader, we close with assuring you that this is no picture of imagination. Should our sketch meet the eye of such a character as the above, she will pray that it may attract the attention of some thoughtless one. Should the beauty of sincerity charm some careless wife, and set her to the hopeful task of imitation, we pray for God's blessing on her efforts, and shall be amply rewarded for our own.

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on a thoughtless and ungodly Parent.

Thomas Brindley, you must not be angry with me for what I am going to say. If I knew how to do you a kindness I would willingly set about it directly; and, indeed, it is my desire to do this in speaking to you about your children. Do, Thomas, do be persuaded to set them a better example, and to bring them up in the fear of the Lord.

They are now getting great boys, and ought to be doing something for your benefit, as well as their own; but instead of that, they are either wasting their time in idleness, or running into every kind of mischief and sin.

Thomas, I must speak plainly to you, for I wish you well with all my heart; you are not thriving, and the probability is, that you never will thrive, unless it shall please God, of his infinite compassion, to enlighten your eyes, to influence your heart by his grace, and teach you the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, for, until then, I am afraid you will never see the advantage of industry, sobriety, and integrity.

What will become of your children if you should be summoned suddenly from the world? When I see them, as I frequently do, with their bare legs begrimed with dirt, their faces unwashed, and their hair uncombed, hooting and hallooing after some dog which they have been tormenting, or some donkey which they have unmercifully belaboured with their sticks, I think to myself—Well, there is one gracious and merciful Almighty Being, who can turn the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just; and he may, of his boundless compassion, yet direct aright the erring feet, and bestow his grace on the erring hearts, of these thoughtless and disobedient children.

He pardons much, and suffers long,
Before he bends his fatal bow;
There never was a heart so strong,
But he could work its overthrow.

You blame your children, but how can parents who do that which is wrong, expect their children to do that which is right. When a bird teaches its young ones to fly, it flies on before to set them the example. Take a lesson then from the poor bird, and let your children see in you a proper pattern to imitate. If, Thomas Brindley, you could be prevailed on to follow Christ, your children might be persuaded the easier to follow you: and how much better would it be to lead your children in the paths of holiness, than in the way of destruction. "A peaceful conscience, a happy heart, a holy life, and a joyful prospect through death, all spring from faith in a once despised and crucified, but now risen and glorified Lord and Saviour." May the Holy Spirit lead you to seek for this faith, and with it to find all things necessary for life and salvation.

Call on some thoughtless Boys.

My boys, I have called in to advise you not to play with the long ladder that is against your house. I saw one of you drop down from a great height, and you may injure yourselves before you are aware. Bones are broken sooner than they are mended; and accidents are abundant enough as it is, without our wantonly increasing them. I love to see you cheerful and happy, but I do not like to see you in danger. Human life is too short to be trifled with. I will

tell you what occurred some time ago, merely through thoughtlessness.

A youth about sixteen years of age, amusing himself on the third floor of one of the large warehouses on Fish Street Hill, London, thoughtlessly laid hold of an iron crane used to hoist up heavy bales and packages from the street below, and swung backwards and forwards for some time. Before he was aware, the crane, which was outside the door, wheeled round towards the street, so that the unfortunate youth hung suspended by his hands over the pavement at that fearful height. There happened at the time to be no person in the warehouse, and his cries for assistance were heart-rending. A crowd assembled in the street, expecting every moment to see him dashed to pieces, and several persons called out to him to hold fast till they could come up and assist him. Overcome by exertion and terror, the unhappy young man at last let go of the crane, and fell down. Though severely injured, providentially he was not killed; but he furnished another to the numerous instances on record, wherein thoughtlessness has occasioned the most fearful accidents.

There are a hundred ways, besides swinging on a crane, whereby a boy may draw upon himself a terrible calamity, therefore, leave off your thoughtless and dangerous sport, my boys, before some accident befalls you. It would be a hard matter to go limping through life for a moment's pleasure. Be advised, my boys! be advised!

Call on One calculating on a long life.

Visitor. You were telling me, Baxter, the other day, that your grandfather lived to eighty-three, and your father to eighty-six.

Baxter. Yes, and I feel pretty sure that I shall live as long too; for I am three score now, and am as hearty as a buck.

Visitor. Master Baxter! that is but a poor foundation to build upon, when so many are dying around you. Think, for a moment, how short human life is, taking all mankind together.

It is supposed that the world contains a thousand millions of inhabitants; that more than thirty millions die every

year; more than eighty-three thousand every day; more than three thousand four hundred every hour; and about fifty-seven every minute, so that the mortality among human beings, amounts almost to one every second. In the short time that has passed since I began to speak to you, one hundred immortal souls have passed into an eternal world! what think you of this?

Baxter. Why, that I cannot believe it.

Visitor. You may not believe it, but it is not the less true on that account. It is a fact that should ring in our ears, and strike heavily on our hearts. Well as you now are, Baxter, if you have passed through three score years, you must expect infirmities, and for these not to creep, but to leap upon you. "Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down: he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not."

Baxter. Our lives, for the matter of that, are short, sure enough, but for one to die every second of time, is the strangest thing that I ever heard of.

Visitor. The thought is enough to impress the most careless. Already another hundred souls have left this world, while you and I have been continuing our conversation.

Look about you, Master Baxter, and prepare!

WHY MUST I BE BORN AGAIN?

THERE are three ways of reading this little sentence, which may form three simple questions, and which shall have three simple answers.

1st. WHY, or *for what reason*, must I be born again?

2nd. Why MUST I be born again, or, why is it *so very necessary?*

3rd. Why must I BE BORN AGAIN?

To the first question I answer, Because you are born into this world in the image of fallen Adam, and you need to be re-made in the image of God.

To the second question I answer, It is so very necessary, to be born again, because without this change you never can see the kingdom of heaven, John iii. 3.

To the third question, which may be asked by those who have "lived well," as some people say, or have "led good lives," as they call it, I answer, There is not one person

born into the world who is free from sin, Rom. iii. 23. Not one, however well he may have been brought up, however he may have been kept from great sins, but what has in his heart the seed of every sin that has ever been committed. Then let no one say, Why must *I* be born again? *I* who have done no harm to any one; *I* who have done my duty to the best of my power; *I* who have been brought up by religious parents; *I* who read my Bible and attend regularly at a place of worship; *I* who never miss the Lord's Supper, and am so charitable to the poor—what need have *I* to be born again? Alas! my friend, by these questions you only show your ignorance of the nature of holiness. Heaven is a holy place, and nothing that defileth can enter in, Rev. xxi. 27. The inhabitants of heaven are all holy, and therefore our blessed Saviour when speaking to a sinner said, "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," John iii. 3. He cannot, for *it is impossible* for a man in his natural state to enter into heaven; and even if he could go there, he would not be happy. Now, could we be happy among beings of a different nature from ourselves? their pleasures, their pursuits, their language would be a weariness to us. No, if we would be happy in the presence of God, we must be made like him—*holy*. If we would be happy with the holy angels, we must learn their language, and delight in their occupations. If we would be happy with those happy saints who are gone there, we must be changed from sinners to saints, or holy persons, while we are on earth, for there is no change after death. Oh yes, we *must* be born again, we *must* have our sinful nature changed, we *must* have the stony heart taken away, and a new heart and a right spirit given to us, Ezek. xxxiv. 26. We must be created in the image of God, Eph. iv. 24. We must be renewed in the spirit of our minds, Eph. iv. 23. We must become new creatures; old things must pass away, and all things must become new, 2 Cor. v. 17. We must be born of God, 1 John iii. 9. Turn to the Scriptures, which testify of these things, and pray that God would give you his Holy Spirit to change your heart. Then you will know what it is to be born again. You will see differently, you will feel differently, you will think differently, and you will live differently. This world, with all its pleasures, will

cease to be loved. You will no longer seek for happiness here. You will find your treasure in heaven, and there will your heart be also, Luke xii. 34. Your motives will be changed; the glory of God will be the ruling power in your mind—the love of souls will be the most powerful motive for action towards your fellow creatures. Jesus will be your delight, your friend, your constant companion. The Bible will be the book in which you will feast your soul. Prayer and praise will be the constant language of your heart and lips, and you will live in the constant remembrance that you are a stranger and a pilgrim on earth, having no abiding city here, but seeking one to come.

Is not this like a new birth? Is it not like entering a new world? Yes, surely it is; such a change may well be likened to being born again. Oh, then, *now* believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and you shall be saved, Acts xvi. 31. Believe and feel that you were born in sin, that you have lived in sin, and therefore that you deserve eternal misery, for "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God," Psa. ix. 17.

Believe that God sent his own Son into the world to die for sinners; for "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. Believe that your sins were laid upon him on the cross, and that thus you are delivered from hell, Job xxxiii. 24. For the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all, Isa. liii. 6.

Believe that Jesus rose from the dead and ascended into heaven, to send the gift of his Spirit upon us; for he said, "It is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you," John xvi. 7.

Believe that His righteousness is upon all believers, Rom. iii. 22; and that if clothed in his robe of righteousness, you will be admitted to the wedding supper of the Lamb. Say from your heart, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness," Isa. lxi. 10.

Thus washed in the precious blood of Christ, clothed in his righteousness, and sanctified, or made holy, by his Spirit, you shall have a joyful entrance into the kingdom of heaven.

professes to think of nothing, to do nothing; and I do not a little marvel at that man who says he can sleep without a dream; for the mind of man is a restless thing, and though it give the body leave to repose itself, as knowing it is a mortal and earthly piece, yet itself being a spirit, and therefore active and indefatigable, is ever in motion. Give me a sea that moves not, a sun that shines not, an open eye that sees not, and I shall yield there may be a reasonable soul that works not. It is possible that through a natural or accidental stupidity, a man may not perceive his own thoughts, (as sometimes the eye or ear may be distracted, not to discern his own objects) but in the meantime he thinks that whereof he cannot give an account; like as we many times dream when we cannot report our fancy. I should more easily put myself to school unto that man who undertakes the profession of thinking many things at once. Instantaneous motions are more proper for a spirit than a dull rest. Since my mind will needs be ever working, it shall be my care that it may always be well employed.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A DRUNKEN MAN.

Reason is an excellent faculty, and, indeed, that which alone differenceth us from brute creatures; without which what is man but a two-legged beast? And, as all precious things are tender, and subject to miscarriage, so is this above others: the want of some little sleep, the violence of a fever, or one cup too much puts it into utter distemper. What can we make of this thing? man I cannot call him. He hath shape; so hath a dead corpse as well as he. He hath life; so hath a beast as well as he. Reason either for the time he hath not, or, if he have it, he hath it so depraved and marred for the exercise of it, that brutishness is much less illbeseeming. Surely, the natural beastiality is so much less odious than the moral, as there is difference in the causes of both: that is of God's making, this of our own. It is no shame to the beast that God hath made him so; it is a just shame to a man that he hath made himself a beast.

From Bishop Hall.

THE APOSTATE.

AN AUTHENTIC NARRATIVE.

The writer was well acquainted with R— A—, late of

Maryland, whose brief history is here given. At the age of about twenty he became anxious for his soul, and convinced that the course he had hitherto pursued, if persisted in, would lead to endless misery. With this conviction he resolved to seek the Lord, and made a profession of religion. For some time his conduct was apparently consistent. At length, he formed an acquaintance with a gay young lady, of great personal attractions, but an entire stranger to religion. Although she was not pleased with his religious profession, yet his family and personal appearance were such, that she consented to marriage; thinking that, in due time, she should cure him of his religious frenzy.

She soon commenced the attempt. At first she urged that, if they wished to be thought well of by their friends, they ought not to refuse to join them at places of diversion and amusement; that he must know how persons of his inclination were despised by people of respectability; and that he had so much reading and praying in his house, the neighbours laughed at him. In fine, said she, "I married you to be happy; but I utterly despair of happiness, unless you give up your religion, and be like other people."

He told her that happiness was what he wanted, but he had never found it in the way she proposed; that the happiness which sprung from the customs and pleasures of this world was not substantial: though for the present it might be sweet, in the end it would be bitter as death.

Having found these efforts unavailing to obtain her purpose, she refused to attend family devotion. He wept, grieved, and in secret often prayed for her. She continued to employ every stratagem which her wicked imagination could invent. At length, wearied by her constant opposition and persecution, he determined to attend only to his private devotions, and to omit those of the family. His wife, however, pursued him to his closet; and succeeded in driving him to the relinquishment of every religious duty. And now that he forsook God, the native corruptions of a wicked heart began to stir within him, and raged, till they broke out in greater excesses than he had ever been guilty of before.

Some time after this he heard a sermon, in which his sins were brought fully to his remembrance. He then renewedly promised to serve the Lord, let him meet with ever

display of his wife's folly. No sooner, however, had the conversation become interesting, than, rousing herself from the moments of moody silence, which showed her to be pondering on the conduct of her acquaintance, she took up the discourse, which had happened to turn upon gardening. Scarcely waiting while a gentleman who had made the subject his study, and was giving an account of some curious experiments, finished the sentence on his lips, she wound it round immediately to herself, and her own experience with some twenty or thirty green-house plants which in the course of her life she had made her observations upon!

She was the mistress of the house, and courtesy forbade that the gentleman should interrupt her, to satisfy the disappointed company with a continuation of his entertaining and instructive remarks.

Several times during the day, when circumstances she could not help obliged her to be silent, other visitors, in hopes of better success, ventured to launch a topic for discussion; but just as the speakers became warmed in their subject, she invariably forced in her favourite "I" and "me," so thickly, that at last undisputed sway was given to her tongue by all present. She even silenced the pious and intelligent minister of the gospel, who, as the pastor of Mr. Kennedy, was present, and from whose lips we had been accustomed to hear words of truth and wisdom; and when all would have gladly listened to the venerable and holy man, he was silent, and we were uninstructed.

The above is no picture of imagination; to a far greater extent this intrusive selfishness is often carried, to the silencing of the learned and the good.

A word to the wise is enough. Many of our readers may be guilty of no such fault as that which we have here endeavoured to point out; but should some, whatever may be their situation or station, trace any faint resemblance of their own lineaments in the mirror thus held up to them, let them receive a warning which may prove valuable, offered through a medium which cannot offend.

If Christians, they will be the more ready so to do, since we are not only commanded to eschew gross sins, but are exhorted to think on whatsoever things are lovely, virtuous, and of good report, Phil. iv. 8.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

DEAR MRS. FALLET,—

I am told by Mrs. Hughes that your pilgrimage is almost finished, and that you wish to hear from me. May the Lord help me to drop a word in season.

You and I may say to his praise, "Though he hath chastened me sore, he hath not given me over unto death." Once we were both very far off, but I trust he has brought us nigh, and washed us from our sins in blood, his own blood! What a mercy, that he not only spared us, but preserved us, when we knew not what we did! Had we died in our sin and ignorance, we had died for ever. But in love to our souls he delivered us from the pit of corruption, and cast all our sins behind his back.

And now, I hope, when death approaches, you will see him without a sting. The Lord Jesus has despoiled him of it, so that death cannot hurt them that believe in him; cannot hurt them, so far from coming as an enemy, they find him a friend. He is sent to invite them to their Father's house, to open to them the gate of eternal life, to tell them that the days of their mourning are ended, and that they shall weep no more.

When the Lord sees that the fit, the best time, is come, he will cut short your warfare, and wipe away all your tears. If you go before me, I shall not be sorry for your release. Nor shall I be long after you, for though I am at present in good health, I am in my sixty-seventh year. Since my dear Mrs. Newton's death, I have no great attachment to this world, for its own sake; but whilst I can preach, I ought to be thankful for life; and if the Lord should lay me aside, and confine me to my chair or my bed, if he is pleased to give me peace, and patience, and submission to his will, and to show his power in my weakness, even then I shall not live in vain. May we live as becometh saints, and then die as becometh sinners; neither having, nor desiring, any other plea, but that Jesus died for our sins, and drew our hearts to trust in him for salvation.

Though I cannot see you, I can be with you in spirit. I can think of you, and pray for you, and I hope I shall. Ere long, we hope to meet again, where sin or sorrow shall no more disturb us.

Madam, what a prospect is before us! Indeed, our views are but faint; but faith can get a glance within the vail. "See the kind angels at the gate, inviting us to come;" the redeemed of the Lord waiting to welcome us home; and amongst them some who were once known and dear to us while upon earth. How glad shall they and we be to meet again! But, above all, we hope to see Him, whom not having seen, we love. In his presence is fulness of joy.

I commend you to his gracious care, praying that while flesh and heart are fainting, you may be enabled to rejoice in Him as the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever.

I am, for his sake,
Your affectionate friend and servant,
5th April, 1792. JOHN NEWTON.

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on a Youth with a birthday present.

Visitor. COME, I am glad to catch you at home, Edward, for I have brought you a little present, remembering that it is your birthday.

Nephew. Oh, it is a knife, and a capital one, too, just what I wanted, uncle; I shall so like it, and will keep it, and value it, for your sake.

Visitor. I am not quite certain of that, for I fear many of your birthday presents are thought but little of, and not always used to the best advantage.

You had five invaluable birthday gifts bestowed upon you in your earliest infancy, each of them of greater worth than a king's crown. The gifts that I speak of are your five senses, hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, given you by the Giver of every good gift. By hearing, you are enabled to understand the thoughts of others, to receive the admonitions of the ministers of the gospel of Christ, and to partake of the pleasure of music, the singing of birds, and the soft murmur of winds and waters.

By seeing, you can read the Bible, receive delight from the beautiful creation which God has made, and avoid many of the dangers by which you are surrounded.

By smelling, you enjoy the grateful scent of flowers, and

the balmy breath of the morn; and learn to know what food would be disagreeable to eat.

By tasting, you derive pleasure from the various kinds of sustenance so bountifully provided for you by your heavenly Father; flesh, fish, fowl, and the fruits of the ground, and of the trees.

By feeling, you enjoy the grateful warmth of the sun, the accommodation of your clothes, and the delightful freshness communicated by pure water. Feeling also assists you in writing, drawing, and in handling different tools. Now, do you often think of the value of these birthday presents, and of the great goodness of Him who bestowed them upon you?

Nephew. I cannot say that I do; but I hope that what you have said will make me more mindful in future.

Visitor. In addition to these birthday presents, God has given you the goodly gift of reason, to enable you to put them to a proper use, and added also the glorious gift of his holy word, whereby you are taught the way of salvation through Jesus Christ. If you undervalue these great gifts, it is hardly likely that you will long value the trifling one which I have given you. Bear in mind, Edward, that where much is given, much will be required. If you love God, heartily, you will prize his gifts highly; and prove this by employing them in his service. Say to yourself, morning, noon, and night:—

O God of love and power divine!
My body and my soul are thine:
Thine while I live, thine when I die,—
In time, and through eternity.

Call on two aged Villagers.

Ay! ay! Master Gilbert, you and your old dame have found out the truth of that text of Scripture—Wisdom's "ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace," Prov. iii. 17. You are reading the Lord's book on the Lord's day, and are therefore in the way of adding to your treasures by seeking out the precious promises of God. "Every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened," Matt. vii. 8. I saw you both in the house of God

in the morning and the afternoon, and you are no doubt encouraged by the word of consolation which God sent you by the mouth of his servant the preacher. It is pleasant for the weary pilgrim in the sandy desert to drink of the brook by the way, and to lift up his head; and equally pleasant it is for the aged Christian, in his pathway to heaven, to partake of the living waters of eternal life, contained in the Holy Scriptures.

What a lovely day, and what a glorious sunset!

The sun sets as brightly, and heaven and earth are as fair on a week day as on the sabbath; but when the mind has been tranquillized by the services of the sanctuary, when hope has been brightened, and faith strengthened by the spiritual privileges of the Lord's day, everything seems to wear a fairer aspect.

"Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside;
It is, of all the times below,
A sabbath eve in summer tide.
Oh then the setting sun smiles fair,
And all below and all above
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love."

Call on a young Cripple.

MICHAEL, I never make a call on you without regretting your infirmity, and yet when I see the thoughtless follies into which too many young people run, and observe your patience and humility, and especially your attention to divine things, I cannot help thinking that God has dealt mercifully with you.

To be cut off in youth from the sports and enjoyments in which other young people indulge, appears hard, but if we believe that God has the will and the power to do what is best for all who call on his name, it will reconcile us to our afflictions, as well as add to our enjoyments. We cannot tell why one flower is nipped in the bud, and another permitted to bloom; why one tree is smitten by the lightning while another stretches forth its branches abroad uninjured. Nor need we afflict ourselves about the matter. If God so loved the world as to give his only begotten Son to die for us, we need not doubt that his protecting arms

are around us, and his watchful eye over us for good. He will do that which is right for his people. I have heard the cripple on his crutches, and the aged in the midst of infirmity, rejoice that they had been afflicted; and God, who sanctified their afflictions, can abundantly sanctify yours. It is a great blessing, doubtless, to enjoy youth, to join in the buoyant pastimes of lighthearted companions; in the season of recreation to ascend the hill, and roam through the flowery valley, while the healthful breeze is blowing around; but it is a still greater blessing to have the heart drawn by love to magnify the Lord, and the spirit to rejoice in God our Saviour. Be encouraged, then, Michael; if you are the subject of the grace that sanctifies, and have the good hope of glory, it is better than to have all the health, and all the amusements that ever were enjoyed.

Call on a young Man of a timid and fearful spirit.

I HAVE called on you, Meredith, to give you a word of encouragement; for I see that you are too easily cast down. Now nothing ought to cast down them who fear God. If you meet with a little disappointment, it will blow over. If you are visited with an unexpected trial, be patient, and it will pass away; God knows all about the disappointment, and the trial too.

White snow falls from a dark cloud, and it is in the absence of the sun that the sky is lit up with ten thousand stars. Why, then, should we be fainthearted and feeble, when we ought to be confident and strong? There is no danger that God cannot deliver us from, no good thing which he cannot bestow. Now, Meredith, think of these things, and be encouraged. You were brought up by a Christian father; you have been instructed at a Sunday school; you have learned to read your Bible, and you have heard the gospel of Christ faithfully proclaimed by his ministers, and should, therefore, never be cast down. The lions were hungry enough, no doubt, when Daniel was thrown into the den among them. The flames were fierce enough when Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego were cast into the fiery furnace. But neither the lions nor the flames did any mischief to the servants of the Lord. Now these things were intended to give courage and confidence to God's people,

old and young, in all ages of the world. Let them, then, give courage and confidence to you. He who knows that God hath given his Son Jesus Christ to die for sinners, cannot need any other proof of God's love to him, and you may depend upon it those whom God loves are safe enough, not only as it regards this world, but also the world that is to come. Now let me see you a little more cheerful, Meredith, for the future. Consider not your weakness, but the almighty power of your heavenly Father,

> "So strong to deliver, so good to redeem,
> The weakest believer that hangs upon him."

And then, with God's grace, faintheartedness will fly away, and hopefulness, and confidence, and joy take up their abode in your bosom.

NOTICE TO QUIT.

When any one is required to quit a lodging, or a dwelling-house, a notice is usually given; this notice is for a week, a month, a quarter, or a year, as the case may be, but a day's notice would certainly be considered short. I have just heard, however, of a more sudden notice then even that of a day.

Often and often have I seen a portly looking man, full of life and health, drive past my door on his way to the city, in whose merchandize he was largely interested, but a day or two ago I heard that he had received a sudden notice to quit his worldly calling. He was taken ill, and in three hours hurried off into an eternal world.

Think of this for a moment! Three hours notice to quit, not a room, a lodging, a house, a street, a neighbourhood, a country, but the world! Whatever may be the state of your health, your notice to quit may be equally sudden. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, the winged arrow of death may find its way to your heart. Let, then, your language be that of the psalmist, "Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is; that I may know how frail I am," Psa. xxxix. 4. "Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside thee. My flesh and my heart faileth: but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever," Psa. lxxiii. 25, 26.

SECOND LETTER OF JOHN CARELESS.

See page 148.

THE euerlasting peace of God in Jesus Christ, the continuall aide and strength, joye and comfortes of his most pure, holy, and mighty Spirit, with the encrease of faith and liuely felinges of his eternal mercies, be most effectuously wrought in your hart, and grauen in your mind, my deare frend and faithful louing sister, R. E., to the ful finishing of all the good workes which he hath most graciously begon in you, that the same (by al meanes) may be to the setting forth of God's glorye, the commodity of his pore afflicted church, and to youre oune euerlastinge comforte in him. Amen.

As the daily occasions which happen to me, deare sister in the Lord, putting me in remembraunce of my moste happy departure and final deliuerance to be at hand, do moue my pore hart to much spiritual mirth and gladnes in the Lord, euen so doth the daily remembrance of you and other the deare saincts of God (whom I shall leaue behinde mee) engender much sorow and sadnes, euen to my very soule, to se in what a miserable worlde you must remaine, subiect to our deserued plages both spirituall and temporal. In respect wherof, as I daily make mention of you in my continual prayers that God will protect you under the wings of his mercy from al things that may be hurtfull eyther to soule or bodye, so haue I thought it good, yea, and my very bounden duty, to write these few lines on to you, as wel to comfort you, whatsoeuer crosse it shall please the Lord to lay vpon you, as also to warne you to walke circumspectly, as the childe of light, least at any time the darkenes should ouertake you, as it is like to doe those foolishe virgins, which haue let their lampes go out alredy, ye bridegroomes comming being so nigh at hand, as surely it is not far hence, as it appeareth both by ye prophecies of the Holy Scriptures, and also by daily examples, wherof we have experience. God, for his Christes sake, geve vs al grace diligently to watch and pray, that we may be readye prepared for that long desiered daye, Amen. My deare sister R., cal to your remembrance alwais the great loue and mercifull kindnes that God your most deare louing Father hathe from time to time extended vnto you, speciallye in that he would vouchsafe to geue for you his oune only and dearly beloued Son, in whome was and is all his whole pleasure and delight, vnto the verye death of the crosse, yea, and that when you were his very enemy, the childe of wrath, the bonde seruaunt of

Sathan, and a very fierbrand of hel, and should haue so remained for euer. Consider also, howe he hathe geuen you with his swete Sonne, al thinges necessary either for bodye or soule, yea, al that euer is in heauen and earth, and hath made you by him heire vnto himself and owner and possessor of al that euer he hath. In consideration wherof, you ought so to loue him againe that nothinge should be able to seperate you from him; yea, of verye loue only you ought to serue him in such holiness and righteousnes as is accept before him, all the dayes of youre life: and also to abstaine most willinglye from all thinges that be detestable in his sight, what daunger so euer shoulde ensue to you for the same.

But in dede, my dear hart, to be plaine with you, I doe heare to my great grief that the due consideration of this greate loue and infinite mercy of God, hath not yet effectuously wrought al these aforesaid things in you according to my long expectacion; but it is enformed me by credible persons, that you, notwithstanding the great loue of God towards you, and the excellent knowledge he hath so graciously giuen you before many other, doe yet manye times defile your faith or mariage garment with comming into the companye of filthy idolaters at the time of theyr antichristian seruice. Trulye if it be so, it is a token that the great abundant bottomles loue and mercy of God towardes you, hath not yet in suche sorte ben considered of you, that it hath, (as it ought to haue done) swalowed vp all the vaine loue of the worlde. Ah, where is true faith become, and liuely feling of God's mercy that were wont to make the children of God diligent to kepe Goddes commaundementes, and merilye to earen his crosse. But perchaunce you do not thinke it a breaking of God's commaundementes, to goe to the idol's temple, and to be present with the papistes at their supersticious seruice, etc. But God forbid you should be so ignorant after so many instructions, in so great and weightye a matter. For surely the unknowen sicknes is most daungerous euermore as experience teacheth. But I verily thinke, at the leastwise I hope, that youre knoweledge is so great in these things, that the daunger in being partaker with the wicked is not hid from your eyes. Therfore your fault is so muche the greater, and the sorer punishment is due for the same. But my vndoubted trust is, that Almighty God our most deare louinge Father, will not leaue you in your weaknesse, but wil raise you vp againe, by true and earnest repentance, and geue you such grace and strength of his Spirit, that henceforth you shal be so far from cominge to anye of their abhominable superstition, that you shal be able well to persuade this bearer, and many other the sainctes of God from the same.

I knowe, deare harte, that this thinge which I requier of you, wil bringe a great crosse vnto you, as well at the handes of your husband as of many other your worldly frends and foes. But let not that discourage you any thing at all, syth you are one of the chosen children of God to whom his cross doth specially belong. Let not tribulation for ryghteousnesse sake seme a straunge thing vnto you; but rather reioyce and be glad that God wil vouche you worthye of so great dignity. For trulye it is the greatest honor that God can bringe his elect vnto in this mortall life. I meane to make them his witnesses to ye world, and to make them worthye to suffer for his sake, which thing is not permitted to the highest angell in heauen: albeit I beleue they wold more reioyce thereof then in all the glorye they haue. O whye are we then so loth to come to this great promotion, seeing it is the very ordinance of God vppon all his deare children, as S. Paule affirmeth, saying, To you it is geuen, not only that you should beleue in Jesus Christ, but also that you should suffer for his sake. Again, he saith, All that will liue godlye in Christ Jesu must suffer persecution. Oh, what cause haue we to reioice, if it please God, by suffringes to make vs some thing conformable to the passions of our swete Christ, who fyrste suffred for vs, and afterward entred into his glorye? We haue in thys world nothing so much to reioice in, as that we are made mete to be vnder the crosse with Chryst. For thereby are we assured, not onlye that the glorious Spirite of God resteth vpon vs, but also that we shall reign with Christe, and bee glorifyed together with him, who hathe testified with his owne mouth that they be blessed which suffer persecution for righteousnes sake, for theirs (saith he) is the kingedome of heauen; into the which we must also enter by manye tribulations. Happy is he (saith Christ) that endureth to thend. Be faithfull vnto death, (saith the Holy Ghoste) and I will geue thee a crowne of life, etc. Apoc. ii.

But what mean I make so long a circumstance vnto you, my deare hart, who knoweth al these things as wel or better then I? Oh that you hadde the grace and strength to do al things accordinge to youre knowledge: I meane concerning the fleing from idolatry and suffering for the truth. As for al other things I know you are vnspotted, praised be God for you. Oh that you durst pledge me of the same cup, (if need do requier,) wherof the Lord of our glory hath not refused himself to drinke before vs, and hath left vs an example to folow his fotesteps, that he might crowne vs wyth his glorye and most precious giftes. Oh Lord helpe thy deare children that wold faine come vnto the, and loke not narowly vpon our sins, which are the cause of oure long absence

from thee, but couer theym for thy Christes sake, with the mantell of thy manifold mercies, whyche far surmounteth al thy workes, that we may not be ashamed but reioyce at thy most glorious comming, y, which do thou hasten according to thy promise for thy chosens sake. We haue, deare sister, bene of longe season acquainted with this earthlye old man of ours to much, which is ful of sin, and presseth downe sore our vnderstanding, that it is needful for vs to be tried throughe manye tribulations, that the rust thereof myght be worne awaye, that we might be made mete vessels for the Lordes owne use, and be sanctifyed to honour. Happy is he that endureth chasticinge. Whyche blessing (my good sister) God offereth vnto vs at this present, yea, and himself also as oure moste deare louing Father. Let vs willingly embrace him therfore and geue thankes vnto his name that hath triumphantly gotten victorye ouer al our enemyes, and is now pleading our cause on the right hand of God his Father, in the kingdome of heauen, where he kepeth possession for vs. To whom if we direct oure eyes wyth a stedfaste faith wee shal not nede to feare, neither death, synne, nor hell, for theyr whole power is taken awaye and Chrystes righteousnes maketh aunswer for vs, yea, he is wholy ours with al his merites, mercies, and most swete sufferinges, and we are his for euermore; so that we may boldly say, the Lord is our help, and therfore we wyll not feare what man may do vnto vs, for he is but fleshe, and his breathe is in his nostrels; but the strength of the Lord and the power of his word endureth for euer: vnto the whyche let vs stedfastly trust, and then shal we not be confounded.

My deare frend and faithful sister R., thynke no vnkyndnes in me that I write thus boldlye vnto you, for verily it is of pure loue and a true hart that I bear vnto you, as I am most depely bound, yea, double and treble. I haue plentifully reaped of your temporal things, God recompence you for it. And ought not I then much more to sow vnto you some of those spiritual thinges wherewyth God hath blessed me? yes truly; and euerlastynge woe and damnation were most due and sure vnto me, if I did it not. God, for his Christes sake, forgeue me my great neglygence in thys behalf towardes you and al the rest of hys deare children, whome I loue in the Lord as mine oune soule, and thanke God most hartelye that you do me likewyse, whych am most vnworthy of the same. God geue me the spirite of prayer, that I may therewith supply some part of my duty towardes you; for verily I am farre in your debt, and so am like to die. But my suer trust is that my good God, for whose sake I lose lyfe and goods, and al earthly commodityes, wyl abundantly recompence you wyth

his blessyng, both spirituall and temporal, and in the ende bringe you vnto me in the place of perpetual ioy and quietnes, where we shal rest from al our labors and remaine together for euermore. There shall we most perfectly know one another personally, thoughe in thys lyfe we are not like to do so, for I am alredy proclaimed heretike at Paules crosse; I prayse God most hartily for it. For nowe I know I shal shortly be with him, for whose sake I am so called; and shal be yet more solemnely y$_e$ Sunday after Trinity Sunday, doctor Harpesfield saith. I thanke him for his paines. For he hath geuen me good warning to prepare myselfe ready against the day of slaughter, whiche time is not yet in their handes, for all their bragges and proud bostings, but in the good wil and determination of my most deare God and louinge Father. And right suer I am, that they (I meane my enemies) and if all the diuels in hell do helpe them, cannot shorten my life one minute of an houre, otherwise then God hath appointed for his glory and my eternal profit. Therefore vpon him wil I cast all my care, and be careles, according to my name, in spite of theym all; and tell them I will, when I come before them, that God doth laughe al their doinges to shame, and shortlye wyll bringe al their counselles to naught, to their owne vtter confusion, if they be not conuerted. For whiche thing let us praye to him, whiche onelye is able to doe it and wyl when he seeth hys good time and pleasure. In y$_e$ meane space the same Lord geue us hys peace and pacience, with plentiful consolation and ioye in the Holy Ghost; who gouerne, guyde, lead, and conduct vs vnto the very end. Thus yet once agayne I commit you vnto God's moste mercyfull defence, who euer haue you and all youres in hys blessed keping. The blessinge of God be with you euermore. Amen.

Yours for euer moste vnfeynedlye, John Careles, prysoner of the Lord, at al tymes abiding his most mercyful wyl and pleasure. Pray, pray, pray.

BETTER NOT: A Friendly Hint.

In walking along the streets of the metropolis the other day, I happened to observe a respectable looking man turning into one of those houses which are so extremely injurious to the morals and best interests of mankind—a gin shop. The words, "You had better not," instantly crossed my mind, and whether they were uttered so that he heard them, for uttered they were, or whether conscience smote him at the moment, I know not; but, instead of entering the door, he turned off the step and walked away.

The words of Solomon occurred to me: "Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men:" and the circumstance led to the following train of meditation as I walked along to my journey's end. How many, thought I, are there, who had *better not* pursue those objects which so commonly engross their attention, draw away their hearts from God, and pierce them through with many sorrows.

"The way of transgressors is hard," and "The wages of sin is death." But who considers these declarations of the sacred volume as he ought, and who that professes to believe their truth really acts as if he did so believe? If this were indeed the case, what a different world would this be; at least, what a different country would this be, where the Bible is so generally in circulation, so commonly possessed by rich and poor, young and old; and what a change should we perceive in the conversation and conduct of mankind.

The rich had *better not* employ their riches in the gratification of their sensual appetites and passions, for in so doing they greatly injure both their health and morals. They had *better not* profane the day concerning which the great and glorious Creator himself hath said, "Remember to keep it holy." They had *better not* set such an example of neglecting the worship of Almighty God, of profane swearing, and other evil practices, before the lower classes, who are apt to copy after their superiors, and to refer to them as an excuse for their own bad conduct. If they employed their wealth for the glory of God and the benefit of their fellow-men; if they were regularly seen in our Christian sanctuaries, and in other respects setting an example of "whatsoever things are lovely, honest, and of good report," what immense service might they render in their day and generation in the sphere in which they move.

The young had *better not* follow the devices and desires of their own hearts, and give themselves up to be led captive by Satan at his will, resorting to places of folly and dissipation, but which are falsely called places of amusement and improvement. Very little to improve the mind is to be found at the theatre, the concert, the ball-room; but rather many things to excite and call forth the bad passions of the heart, and to injure and benumb the conscience.

They had *better not* read the novels and romances of the day, which are full of poison, artfully concealed, but rather read such books as are calculated to improve the mind, and to promote its growth in useful knowledge; more especially that holy book which Jehovah hath given to be a lamp unto our feet, and a light unto our path. Here all necessary information may be obtained, regarding man as an immortal

being—his fallen, depraved, and lost condition, and the only way of recovery by Jesus Christ, who died "to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." Here, and here only, the way of life and salvation is made known, and we are taught, that as Christ died for our sins, and rose again for our justification, the Holy Spirit is given as the fruit of the Saviour's death, to guide his people into all truth. Here, in short, all necessary information may be obtained respecting every momentous and important subject interesting to man, as a guilty, lost, and ruined creature. The most suitable directions, appropriate counsels, and precious promises, are here to be met with; and to have the mind well stored with these, will be of incalculable advantage in every stage and condition of life.

They had *better not* devote the sabbath and the evenings of the week, when the business of the day is over, to revelling and wantonness, to idle and foolish talking and jesting, but rather repair to the house of God, and engage in those religious exercises which are suited to the superior part of the composition of man, the immortal soul.

They had *better not* resist the authority and slight the kind and well-meant efforts of their parents and friends to do them real good. It will be their wisdom and happiness to hear instruction, and refuse it not, Prov. viii. 33

They had *better not* despise reproof and disregard the voice of admonition and caution, for it is written, "He that hateth reproof is brutish," and "He, that being often reproved hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy," Prov. xii. 1; xxix. 1.

The active or retired tradesman had *better not* spend his evenings, as is too commonly the case, in the tavern or coffee-room, even though it be with what may be regarded as a select company of friends, to talk over the affairs of the nation, and the news of the day; for in so doing, the claims of a family must be neglected, and of domestic comfort there can be none. The practice is injurious to health and morals; and the more frequently indulged in, the more difficult will it be found to give it up. A man who has a family should consider that the members of his household have claims upon him, and those claims can never be duly answered, even though he may supply them with the necessaries of life, while he spends his evenings from home; as the practice of family worship, of reading the Scriptures, and of offering prayer and praise to the great Author of our being, and Preserver of our life, which is the reasonable service and the bounden duty of every intelligent creature, must be altogether neglected, or slovenly performed; and we know where it is written

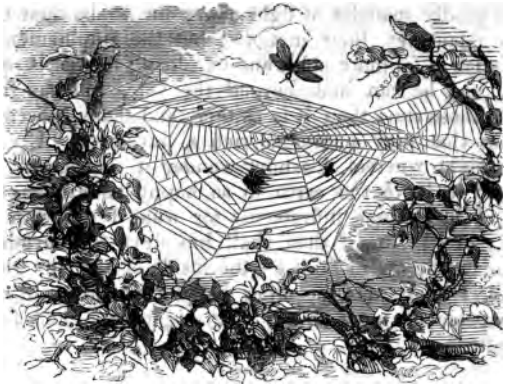
that God will pour out his fury upon the heathen, and upon the families that call not upon his name, Jer. x. 25.

They had *better not*, therefore, indulge such habits; and, if they have been enslaved by them, it will be their wisdom and comfort to break them off, and to spend their evenings at home. Ample employment may surely be found; and the improvement of the mind, by reading and conversation, in the domestic circle, will be more than a compensation for what, to some, may be an exercise of self-denial. We know who hath said, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself daily, and take up his cross, and follow me," Luke ix. 23.

The mechanic and labourer had *better not* spend so much of their precious time in the public-house or beer-shop. Oh! how many hours—precious hours, even of those, which should be directed to their regular employment, as well as many other hours at the close of the day and on the sabbath, are thus uselessly, wickedly, squandered away: the wife and children, an industrious and affectionate wife it may be, neglected, and her children left to roam abroad without a father's care; or, perhaps they are to be seen in poverty and wretchedness, destitute of food and clothing, while he is undermining his constitution, and wasting the little earnings, which ought to have been devoted to the support of his family, in drinking and crime.

Surely these different classes, if they would think, and remember *better not*, would be found acting very differently from what they do, more becoming the rational nature with which the Creator has endowed them, and more suitable to the relations they sustain, and the situations in which they are placed.

They have souls as well as bodies, and those souls must be happy or miserable for ever. "O that they were wise, that they understood this, that they would consider their latter end!" Deut. xxxii. 29. "One thing is needful," the concerns of the soul and eternity—let them have that attention which they rightly demand, for, "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul," Mark ix. 36. The gospel proclaims, that "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16. "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," 1 Tim. i. 15. "Let the wicked," therefore, "forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon," Isaiah lv. 7.



OCCASIONAL MEDITATIONS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A SPIDER AND HER WEB.

How justly do we admire the curious work of this creature! What a thread doth it spin forth! what a web doth it weave! yet it is full of deadly poison. There may be much venom where is much art. Just like to this is a learned and witty heretic; fine conceits and elegant expressions fall from him, but his opinions and secretly couched doctrines are dangerous and mortal. Were not that man strangely foolish who, because he likes the artificial drawing out of that web, would therefore desire to handle or eat the spider that made it? Such should be our madness, if our wonder at the skill of a false teacher should cast us into love with his person, or familiarity with his writings. There can be no safety in our judgment or affection without a wise distinction; in the want whereof we must needs wrong God or ourselves:—God, if we acknowledge not what excellent parts he gives to any creature; ourselves, if upon the allowance of those excellences we swallow their most dangerous enormities.

UPON SIGHT OF A BRIGHT SKY FULL OF STARS.

I CANNOT blame Empedocles if he professed a desire to live upon earth only that he might behold the face of the heavens; surely, if there were no other, this were a sufficient errand for a man's being here below, to see and observe

these goodly spangles of light above our heads, their places, their quantities, their motions: but the employment of a Christian is far more noble and excellent; heaven is open to him, and he can look beyond the vale, and see further above those stars than it is thither, and there discern those glories that may answer so rich a pavement. Upon the clear sight whereof, I cannot wonder if the chosen vessel desired to leave the earth in so happy an exchange. O God, I bless thine infiniteness for what I see with these bodily eyes; but, if thou shalt but draw the curtain, and let me by the eye of faith see the inside of that thy glorious frame, I shall need no other happiness. My soul cannot be capable of more favour than sight here, and fruition hereafter.

UPON THE SIGHT OF TWO TREES, ONE HIGH, THE OTHER BROAD.

THOSE trees that shoot up in height are seldom broad, as contrarily, those trees that are spreading are seldom tall. It were too much ambition in that plant which would be both ways eminent. Thus it is with men; the covetous man that affects to spread in wealth seldom cares to aspire unto height of honour. The proud man, whose heart is set upon preferment, regards not (in comparison thereof) the growth of his wealth. There is a poor shrub in a valley, that is neither tall nor broad, nor cares to be either, which speeds better than they both. The tall tree is cut down for timber, the broad tree is lopped for firewood: besides, that the tempest hath power on them both, whereas the low shrub is neither envied by the wind, nor threatened by the axe, but fostered rather, for that little shelter which it affords the shepherd. If there be glory in greatness, meanness hath security. Let me never envy their diet that had rather be unsafe than inglorious. *Bp. Hall.*

THE SPIRIT'S TEACHING.

THE substance of the following encouraging facts was related by a lady, who, having tasted of the bread of heaven herself, and found it to be life to her soul, lost no opportunities of offering it, in her Saviour's name, to every sinner who seemed perishing for want of it.

Some time since we were called by providence to change our residence; and the day before our removal from A——, I walked round the village to say farewell to all the poor people. In my walk I met a young woman, who, in a most agitated state of mind, addressed me in these words: "O madam, I am quite a stranger here, but I know you care for the soul of a perishing sinner; my poor brother is even now dying. Alas! he knows not God; he never enters a place of worship; he is an infidel! We are living a short distance from this village; do, do come and speak to him."

Although I was much pressed for time, I could not resist such an appeal. I accompanied the girl to a miserable abode, and followed her to the bed-side of the dying sinner. His sister listened for his breathing: she raised his hand, and it fell heavily on his side. "Alas!" said she, "it is too late, he is quite insensible; I am sorry, ma'am, I have troubled you to come." "He still breathes," I replied; "nothing is too hard for God, we will speak to him. The entrance of thy word, O my God, giveth life. We will even at the eleventh hour use the Divine word; and then we will pray to the Eternal Spirit to seal it upon his heart." I then slowly repeated the following texts close to the ear of the poor man. "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," Ezek. xviii. 4. "All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God," Rom. iii. 23. "Sin is the transgression of the law," 1 John iii. 4. "Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all," James ii. 10. "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," Jer. xvii. 9. "Every imagination of the thoughts of man's heart is only evil continually," Gen. vi. 5. "The thought of foolishness is sin," Prov. xxiv. 9. "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," Matt. xviii. 3. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," John iii. 3. "Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die?" Ezek. xxxiii. 11. I next began to pour in the balm for a wounded spirit. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price," Isa. lv. 1. "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like

crimson, they shall be as wool," Isa. i. 18. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh," Ezek. xxxvi. 26. "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John iii. 16; for "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin," 1 John i. 7. "Look unto me, and be ye saved," Isa. xlv. 22. "Having therefore boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus—let us come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need," Heb. x. 19; iv. 16. "For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God," Eph. ii. 8. "If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children: how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him," Luke xi. 13. "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you," ver. 9.

I then knelt down with the young woman, and earnestly entreated that God would water his own all-powerful word with his own life-giving Spirit: I then took my leave of the poor girl, begging her to come for me immediately if her brother evinced (before the morrow) any symptoms of consciousness. No messenger was sent, and the next day we left the village.

In a few years the poor girl's sorrow and her dying brother's awful state vanished from my remembrance, but our God has said, "My word shall not return unto me void," Isa. lv. 11. About eight years after we had settled at H———, I was one day sitting in my drawing room, when my servant said a man wished to see me. He entered the room, and with much respect, and the deepest emotion, and with streaming eyes, exclaimed, "Oh, ma'am, how can I express my gratitude to you! I am the man whom you visited eight years since at ———. I could not move; I could not speak; but I heard every word you repeated from that blessed, blessed book. And it pleased God, whose name is love, to make his own truth a savour of life unto life to my dead soul. I have found Jesus to be indeed the chiefest among ten thousand, yea, altogether lovely, and he

has enabled me to hold on my way rejoicing; and I have now, after much difficulty, discovered your abode, that I might have the sweet privilege of telling you, what your God has done for my soul."

Reader! do you visit the sick and the dying, and those who are dead in trespasses and sins? and are you often discouraged by your little success in entreating them to flee from the wrath to come? are you unable sometimes to find language in which to express your desire for their salvation? Take courage from this narrative; use not your own words; seek not to conquer with your own weapons; take only the sword of the Spirit as this lady (now in glory) did; simply repeat the very words of God, and ask of God the Spirit to seal them upon the heart, and your labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.

THE ATONEMENT OUR ONLY REFUGE.

From a Sermon by Miles Smith, Bishop of Gloucester, one of the translators of the Bible, and the writer of the "Preface" usually prefixed to the larger edition of it.

If a tree be sound at the root, there is hope that it will sprout forth, notwithstanding it should be lopped and shred ever so much. But now, if it be rotten at the root, then fare it well. In like manner, if the soul be safe; if it live by faith in the Son of God; if it fight the good fight of faith, and win the field; all other losses are not to be reckoned of; we are more than gainers, more than conquerors. But if the soul perish (and it will perish, except it be fed with the word of the gospel; and it will make shipwreck, if Christ sit not at the stern; and it will be overcome in the day of battle, if Christ be not its Captain, its Saviour, its Deliverer,) then all the world is gone with us; it had been better for us if we had never been born. Our sins do threaten God's vengeance upon us; our consciences do accuse us; the law contains matter of indictment against us; the devil follows the suit; all the creatures of God which we have abused, all the callings of God which we have neglected, all the threatenings of God which we have despised, do witness against us. In a word, the Lord sitteth on his throne as an angry Judge—hell openeth her mouth wide, being ready to swallow us up—the world forsaketh us—our friends have no power to help us. What is to be done in

gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father. Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.'

"Such was the explanation which our Lord Jesus Christ himself gave of his own parable, and from which it is very clear that he intended to apply it to the state of our souls here, and to their final state in eternity; and this is not the only instance in which he does so, when he takes his examples from the usual labours of the husbandman.

"Observe, he first declares himself to be the sower: he was so in his own person, while he was on the earth, and now he carries on his work by his servants, his ministers, who are directed by him to be diligent in their work as labourers together with him, 1 Cor. iii. 6—9; thus provision is made for cultivating his inheritance.

"The field is the whole world, though only a small part of it is at present brought into cultivation. We have much reason to be thankful that in this our day, God is sending forth his servants to sow the good seed in many parts of his field, where it never had been sown before.

"Now observe, our Lord speaks of the seed which he sows, whether by himself or his servants, as good, very good, true wheat, such as will be sure to bring forth its own proper fruit. This good seed is the pure and holy doctrines of God's truth, as they are found in his own holy word. We find some of it scattered up and down throughout the whole of this blessed book: for instance, when we read that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' John iii. 16; or, that 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners,' 1 Tim. i. 15; or 'Being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ,' Rom. v. 1; and other such like portions, we find that good seed, which being sown, and watered by the grace of God, and the influence of the Holy Spirit, like the rain and the sun which causes the earth to be fruitful, springs forth and bears fruit unto righteousness, and the end thereof is everlasting life.

"This good seed sown in the heart, springs up and produces, as our Lord said on another occasion, 'First the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear,' Mark iv. 28. Thus the holy seed produces the children of the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, a blessed company of faithful people, who walk before God in this world, in love to him, in faith in the merits of his dear Son, and in earnest desire to promote his glory. Now observe this very particularly, for it is of very great importance that you should take all possible pains to know, whether you all are really the true

wheat, the true children of Christ's kingdom. This ought to be made a matter of clear certainty, so that God's ministers might have no more difficulty in knowing that you are so, than you and your young folks, have in picking out the grains of wheat from the tares. You do not find any grains half one and half another.

"As to the tares—who sows them? Not the owner of the field; no, your master would never have told your husband when he went to sow a field with wheat to put some tares in with it. So the Lord Jesus Christ did not sow the evil which we see in the world. An enemy hath done this, and that enemy is the devil, who has a sore hatred against our Saviour, and all his spiritual seed; and therefore he began to do his evil work as soon as there was any ground to sow it upon. Now, this seed of evil is intended to spoil the work of God, and make it of no value; and so it consists of all that is bad in its qualities. It is the seed of error, to lead the soul away from truth; of deception, to keep it in false security; of wickedness, to expose it to the fire of God's wrath. This enemy takes care to sow his seed most abundantly, so that there may be enough of it spring up to answer his purpose. Moreover, he is so well acquainted with the nature of the soil into which he casts his seed, that he makes sure that much of it will grow. He is quite aware that the heart of man is very much like the earth in this respect. The earth will bring forth weeds naturally enough, and so will the heart of man bring forth evil; but the earth must be diligently cultivated before it will produce good fruit, and so must man's heart.

"The wicked one will have his children, the genuine fruit of the evil seed he sows in the field: thus we see very many around us in all directions, living in all sorts of sin and folly, as if there were no God, or as if they had no souls to appear before him. And some are labouring and toiling for the things of this world, as if there were no world to come; and many neglecting and despising God's salvation, as though it were of no use to them. And some, by putting on the form of godliness, appear as if they might be wheat; but, because they know nothing of the power thereof, must be reckoned, like the others, only as the tares in God's sight.

"But now let us look on to the end. Not one of the children of the wicked one shall escape the burning flame; nor shall one of the children of the kingdom be cast in there

"What an awful scene that will be! What a terrible day for the tares, but what a glorious day for the wheat! What a day of wretchedness and misery for the careless and ungodly! What a day of triumph and glory for the true and devoted children of God! Oh, happy will those be who are found to be of that number! When this solemn harvest,

union and division! many vapours rising from the sea meet together in one cloud; that cloud falls down divided into several drops, those drops run together, and in many rills of water meet in the same channels; those channels run into the brook, those brooks into the rivers, those rivers into the sea; one receptacle is for all, though a large one, and all make back to their first and main original. So it either is or should be with spiritual gifts. O God, thou distillest thy graces upon us, not for our reservation but conveyance; those manifold faculties thou lettest fall upon several men thou wouldst not have drenched up where they light, but wouldest have derived, through the channels of their special vocations, into the common streams of public use, for church or commonwealth. Take back, O Lord, those few drops thou hast rained upon my soul, and return them into that great ocean of the glory of thine own bounty, from whence they had their beginning.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A DWARF.

AMONGST all the bounteous gifts of God, what is it that he hath equally bestowed upon all, except it be our very being whiles we are? He hath not given to all men the same stature of body, not the same strength of wit, not the same capacity of memory, not the same beauty of parts, not the same measure of wealth or honour. Thus hath he done also in matter of grace: there are spiritual dwarfs, there are giants; there are perfect men, children, babes, embryons: this inequality doth so much more praise the mercy and wisdom of the Giver, and exercise the charity and thankfulness of the receiver. The essence of our humanity doth not consist in stature; he that is little of growth is as much man as he that is taller. Even so also, spiritually, the quantity of grace doth not make the Christian, but the truth of it. I shall be glad and ambitious to add cubits to my height, but with all it shall comfort me to know, that I cannot be so low of stature as not to reach unto heaven.

Bp. Hall.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

THE first of November is a season well suited for consideration. The seeming repose and stillness of the course of nature, the emblems of death and decay, brought before us

by the falling leaves and withering verdure, the dark days and rough winds, all that reminds us of the approach of winter, disposes the mind to serious reflection, and loudly and earnestly proclaims this evident truth, that we are "strangers and pilgrims on the earth," Heb. xi. 13; that "all flesh is as grass, and all the glory of man as the flower of grass," 1 Pet. i. 24; that "here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come," Heb. xiii. 14. Reader, my brother and fellow pilgrim upon earth, are you truly looking for a home in the world to come? Have you ever sought for it in earnest? Have the beauties of the spring, the labours and the joys of summer, and the fruits of autumn, called forth your longings after home? Do you feel yourself not only carried forwards by the flight of time, but also quickened by the believing hope of rest and peace to be hereafter enjoyed? And what is the ground of your hope?

The harvest is ended, and your barns and storehouses are filled with more or less of the rich gifts of Providence; the seed for the future year is provided, and the husbandman has a short season of rest. Can you think of the rich blessing of this year's harvest, without adding, "Praise ye the Lord: for the Lord is good: for his mercy endureth for ever," Psa. cvi. 1. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits," Psa. ciii. 2. And who are you, that you are permitted to praise the Lord, and to approach him with a thank-offering which he condescends to accept? Examine your own heart, as in the sight of the Holy One, and you will be constrained to acknowledge; "Lord, I am not worthy of all thy mercies and of all thy truth, which thou hast showed to me: be merciful to me, a sinner; enter not into judgment with me for my sins, and impute not to me mine iniquities, but let the riches of thy goodness and forbearance and long-suffering lead me to repentance," Gen. xxxii. 10; Luke xviii. 13; Psa. cxliii. 2; Rom. ii. 4. Who gives you the right to expect a harvest from your seed when it is sown in the earth, and committed to the Divine protection? Who gives you the power to prepare for the dark days of winter, with confidence and composure? The Lord has no pleasure in unrighteousness; the ungodly shall not stand in his sight, and there is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. Where, then, is the ground of your hope, when your heart testifies that you are a sinner? What is the cause of your

peace and joy, even when your heart condemns you on account of your transgressions. Only through free mercy and grace is a way of hope and peace ordained for you. Have you experienced that grace, that free mercy, which was manifested in Christ, taking away sin, and quickening the souls of sinners?

We are entering on a season of the year which affords neither seed-time nor harvest, but there are no hoar frosts for the seeds of everlasting life, and there is no time to cease from labouring in the field of the Lord. Every day is a day for sowing seeds; and any day may become a time of harvest. In what state is our seed-corn? We have sown sin, and shall reap corruption; "The wages of sin is death." This is a solemn sound, and its deeply piercing truth is well calculated to arouse us from our slothful repose; to destroy all our careless self-deception, and vain confidence, and overwhelm us with deep concern for our safety. And nothing can be more evident to our minds, if we employ the day of rest in looking into our own hearts and lives. Oh! may we feel the power of this truth, causing the pride of our hearts to tremble, and bringing this question home to our souls, "What shall we do to escape the corruption of which we are heirs; and how can we, by the death of sin, attain everlasting life?" Happy is he who in deep concern, and holy contrition of spirit, receives to such a question the consolatory reply, "He that believeth in Jesus Christ shall not come into condemnation, but is passed from death unto life: Christ was made sin for us, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him. Through him we have access to the Father, are the children of God, and the heirs of everlasting life," John v. 24; 2 Cor. v. 21; Eph. ii. 18; Rom. viii. 16, 17.

Only when we feel our sinfulness, this consoling truth may become ours by faith; and only when we are admitted through our Saviour Jesus Christ into fellowship with God, and adoption into his family, can we perceive the goodness and mercy of God in all around us, praise him under every circumstance, and with joyful confidence, commit our all to him. Then how humbly and gratefully should we thank the Lord for his gracious providence, for the blessings of soul and body, which he has not ceased to bestow upon us; with what calmness may we prepare for the dark days of

winter, casting all our cares upon God; with what peace and hope may we observe the emblems of dissolution, the warnings of death, which this season sets before us in the natural world, if we are conscious of our reconciliation to God through Jesus Christ; if we know the Saviour as the way, the truth, and the life; and are by faith in him, citizens of heaven, and heirs of eternal life!

The circumstances that surround us, the review of the blessings we have received from the hand of the Lord during the past year, are well fitted to humble us, and to lead us to repentance. But other considerations may be united with these. Have the twenty-six years of peace which our country has enjoyed, produced that effect upon us which they call for? How many fruitless cares, and painful facts testify that we have not rightly used the blessing of peace? Our native land would indeed blossom and prosper under the blessing of God, if high and low, rulers and subjects, would walk in the light of truth which shines from above. We should lead a quiet, peaceable life with gratitude and joy, if we would but seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness. We could with comfort survey the storms which shake the nations, if our hearts were filled with the peace which Christ gives, which keeps us in safety under the protection of his kingdom. Alas! that unbelief and lukewarmness, levity and ungodliness, are so prevalent among us, and that so few are left who seek after God, and feel the quickening influences of his Spirit. What scope there is for the fulfilment of the prophet's injunction, "Cry aloud, spare not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet, and show my people their transgression, and the house of Jacob their sins," Isa. lviii. 1. Yet only those who feel the influence of the gospel, and set it forth, not putting forward themselves and their own wisdom, who have, like Isaiah, lamented the uncleanness of their lips, and felt their mouths touched with heavenly fire, are capable of thus reproving sin. Oh may every church of professing Christians be anointed with the spirit of repentance and faith! May the word of the Lord pierce the souls of those who hear; and may the Lord send faithful labourers into his harvest!

CALLS OF USEFULNESS.

Call on an Injudicious Mother.

Visitor. With your leave, I will put into your hand a few little books for your children, as a present. I dare say you will have no objection to your children reading what is likely to do them good.

Mother. No, sir, not at all. My Sally, there, can read as well as most young girls, and likes a tale of all things in the world.

Visitor. The little books are not exactly tale-books, but, if they do not give so much amusement, they may, perhaps, produce more good. One of them, however, is a tale, and will, I think, suit your Sally very well. Perhaps you will not take it amiss if I ask, why you allow your daughter to wear such droppers in her ears?

Mother. Why, the poor thing has weak eyes, and I am told that ear-rings are good things for weak eyes.

Visitor. But then they are terrible things for weak heads. If she only wears them to do her eyes good, (though it is not likely they will be the better for ear-rings,) they need not be so fine and so showy as they are.

Mother. There is no reason, that I know of, why my child should not be as smart as other people's children. We work for our living; and surely we may spend our money and bring up our family as we like!

Visitor. If you think for a moment, you will be convinced that I can have no other motive than your children's good in making a few remarks. It would do me no injury if your little girl were covered over with jewels; but knowing that unnecessary finery has brought many a young person to ruin, I cannot help warning you against the danger. One text of Scripture in the heart is worth more than two droppers in the ears. Finery may do a child much evil, but it is not likely to make her humble, mild, teachable, and obedient. It is not likely to make her honour her father and her mother, nor to keep her from gay places, and thoughtless company; and least of all is it likely to lead her to the Saviour, that her sins may be pardoned, and the love of God abundantly shed in her heart. But I see that my remarks are unpleasant to you, and, therefore, I will not pursue them. The little book, called "The Folly of Finery," may be read by your daughter with advantage, and I can only hope that the lesson it affords will be long remembered.

Why should we deck this earthly clay,
  That soon must perish in the tomb,
When changing seasons glide away,
  And bear us swiftly to our doom?

Oh let us for the soul provide,
  And humbly seek a Saviour's grace,
That God may be our guard and guide,
  And heaven above our resting place.

Call on one well versed in the Scriptures.

Visitor. I promised to ask you a riddle the next time I saw you, James, and I do it with the more pleasure, because I know that the Scripture dwells richly in you, and I believe that its consolations warm your heart as much as its instructions inform your head; but my riddle is this:—

"A mixture of each sort I am;
A hurtful snake, a harmless lamb;
A tardy ass, a speedy roe;
A lion bold, a timorous doe."

James. Ay, sir, I see clearly enough whereabouts you are, the polluted sinner purified by the blood of sprinkling is everything that you have described. He is a mixture sure enough of good and evil, but the good comes not from himself. He is, indeed, a hurtful snake, for his heart is "deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" his "poison is like the poison of a serpent;" he is "like the deaf adder that stoppeth her ear," Psa. lviii. 4; and yet for all this, he is a lamb; for God's children are as lambs in his sight. When our blessed Redeemer commanded Peter to give spiritual food to his people, he said, "Feed my lambs," John xxi. 15. The believer is a tardy ass, for he is too often wise in his own conceit; and "vain man would be wise, though man be born like a wild ass's colt," Job xi. 12. He is also a speedy roe, when God quickens him in the ways of salvation. I think it is in the Proverbs of Solomon where the words occur, "Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter," Prov. vi. 5. You were right when you said he was a lion bold; and he has good reason to be so, for if God be for him, what need has he to fear what man can do against him? "The wicked flee when no man pursueth: but the righteous are bold as a lion," Prov. xxviii. 1. But though he be so full of courage, yet is he timorous as the doe, for

if God leave him, for a moment, he trembles even at the shadow of his own sins. Now, I think, your riddle is made out: if I may be so bold, I will ask one in my turn too.

Visitor. Do, James, I should like to hear it.

James. This, then, sir, is my riddle:—

"Good cause I have still to be sad,
Good reason always to be glad;
Hence still my joys with sorrows meet,
And still my tears are bitter sweet."

Visitor. Ay! ay! James, I have found you out already; your riddle speaks of the same character as my own. You allude to a follower of Christ.

James. You are right, so far, but now you must please to give me the application.

Visitor. In the first place, the true Christian has always reason to be sad on account of his sins, because by them he has dishonoured God, and brought leanness into his own soul. Well may he cry out, "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Rom. vii. 24. And yet, for all this, he has abundant reason always to be glad; for his sins are forgiven him, and God has promised to guide him by his counsel, and to bring him to his glory. "Thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ," 2 Cor. ii. 14. His joys and his sorrows are mingled, and will be so as long as he is in this imperfect state; he is, therefore, described in the Epistle to the Corinthians "as sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing," 2 Cor. vi. 10. It is true that his tears, however bitter they may be, are bitter sweet to him, for "they that sow in tears shall reap in joy," Psa. cxxvi. 5; and "blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted," Matt. v. 4.

James. Come, sir, you are even with me, for my riddle is fully answered.

Visitor. I scarcely expected to puzzle you. He who knows the bitterness of sin is wise, but he who has tasted that the Lord is gracious, and that his sins are forgiven, is a great deal wiser. As God has in mercy communicated this double knowledge to your soul, be doubly thankful.

Call on a Young Person blessed with a good Memory.

Here, Samuel, try if you can learn these verses by heart, for they please me so much, that I want to get them into

the heads and hearts of all my young friends. I have heard you repeat many a pretty piece, add this to the number of those you know, and some day or other I will call in, and hear if you can say it perfectly.

"Two paths there are through which all mortals go,
This leads to bliss, and that to endless woe:
The way that leads to misery is broad,
A smooth, a pleasing, and a flowery road;
With company 'tis crowded everywhere,
The rich, the gay, the witty, and the fair.
Ah! fondly-blinded, whither will they run?
Why in such headlong haste to be undone?
See, how they press death's ample gate to win!
How heedless of the flames that glare within!

There is another, unfrequented way,
Leads to the confines of eternal day;
Thorny and strait, yet as you further go,
'Twill still more easy, more delightful grow;
To go this narrow path no labour spare,
For heaven, and holy souls, and God himself is there."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

SOLOMON has told us, that "A good conscience is a continual feast," Prov. xv. 15. The feast of a good conscience is not like that of a funeral, where mirth and joy are unseemly and unseasonable guests, and where there are heavy hearts and looks, tears and mourning; but the feast of a good conscience, is like that of a marriage; it is "the day of the joy of a man's heart," Sol. Song, iii. 11. Such a feast, even a joyful marriage feast, doth a good conscience make. Bodily feasts are often but heavy feasts, in which many, notwithstanding all their good cheer, and company, and music, cannot put away the heaviness of their hearts; for often in these feasts there is sadness: and it is said of Samson's wife that she wept all the seven days of her marriage feast, Judges xiv. 17. But in the feast of a good conscience there is no sorrow, or heaviness, or melancholy, but all is joy and gladness. "Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart," Psa. xcvii. 11, 12. So that whatever joy a feast can yield, that and much more can a good conscience yield. "This is our

rejoicing," says the apostle, "the testimony of our conscience," 2 Cor. i. 12. There is nothing that men desire more than to live cheerfully and merrily; but how many are there that stumble at religion, and the keeping of a good conscience, under the mistaken notion that it is the way to mar all their mirth, and to make persons dull and melancholy! Do not believe the devil; do not believe his lying agents. A good conscience is a feast, comprising all dainties, and music, and wine. A good conscience feasts a man even in his poverty, in his sickness, in the prison, and cheers him up with many a dainty bit. The wine of this feast makes him forget all his sorrows. *Dyke.*

AN EVIL CONSCIENCE.

An evil conscience makes those full of fears, yea, fearful fears, of whom all others stand in fear. How potent a monarch, and how dreaded a prince was Belshazzar! Who was able to put him into any fear, whom all the earth feared! And yet, when his guilty conscience looks him in the face, awakened by the hand-writing on the wall, see where is then his courage. "Then the king's countenance was changed, and his thoughts troubled him, so that the joints of his loins were loosed, and his knees smote one against the other," Dan. v. 6. Who would have had his fear to have had his whole kingdom? Let him now clothe himself with all his majesty; let him look and speak as terribly as he can; let him threaten the vilest vassal in his court, with all the tortures that tyranny can inflict; and let him try, if he can, for his heart, to put his poorest subject into that fright and fear that now his own conscience has put him into in the midst of his jollity. But, I pray, what aileth him to be in this fear, in this so extraordinary a fear? He can neither read nor understand the writing upon the wall. True, it threatened him with the loss of his kingdom; but he cannot read the threatening. He knows not whether they be bitter things that God writes against him; why may he not hope that what is written may be good, and why may not this hope ease and abate his fear? Alas! though he can neither read nor understand the writing, yet his guilty conscience can comment shrewdly upon it, and tell him that it portends no good towards him. His con-

science now reminds him of his ungodly impieties, in profaning the vessels of the temple of the true God; and that for this his sacrilegious appropriation and abuse of holy things, his God is now come to reckon with him. Thus can his conscience do more than all his wise men, Dan. v. 8; for when they were all puzzled, that interprets to him that this writing means him no good; and hence the greatness of his fear, and those paroxysms of horror. *Dyke.*

A HINT BY THE WAY.

If the harness did not, now and then, give the horse a pinch, he might, perhaps, mistake the shafts for the stall of his stable, and be tempted to lie down in the road; but when the collar gives a rub, or the whip or spur is felt, he knows there is no rest for him there, he must be content to have a good warm stable at home when his work is done.

Every Christian has his work to do, and his pilgrimage to perform. We ought not to mind a head ache, or a heart ache, now and then, it is only just a rub of the harness to whisper to us, "This is not your rest." Rest! No, no, my friend. This world would be but a sorry place to rest in; let us press on, bearing in mind that every step makes a step less to the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

THE CHANGED TRACT.

A meeting for a benevolent purpose was held to day under a tent in a field, and a kind friend called on me to let me know about it, so I crept in some time after it was begun.

When it was over, a young man, a friend, with a placid and pleasant countenance, stood at the entrance giving away tracts. I raised my eye, in passing, with an asking look. He took a tract from the top of the packet and offered it, but glancing at me, as he did this, he perceived, I suppose, that I was young, and better dressed than those about me. Withdrawing the offered tract he replaced it on the top, and hastily looked for another among those at the bottom of his packet, this he gave me.

All this passed in a moment, but oh how these little incidents of a moment sometimes affect the heart! I think I

read the thought in his mind. He supposed, no doubt, that the vanities of the world were a great snare to me. Well, he was not far from the truth, for so they are, but he little knew how I loved the Saviour he loved.

Thus it is that sisters and brothers often meet each other, as it were in disguise in this cold world; they do not know each other, and never will, until they meet at home in the mansion of their heavenly Father.

PAPAL USURPATION.

It is truly appalling even to read of the arrogant pretensions of the head of the Catholic church, and the base servility of his flatterers. They pronounce him "the sun of the world," and he himself assumes to be greater than the emperor, inasmuch as the sun is greater than the moon. Pope Gregory VII. made the emperor Henry IV. to stand three days and three nights at his gates, barefoot, in frost and snow, entreating his absolution! Pope Alexander III. made the emperor Frederick fall down and ask his forgiveness, whilst he trod on his neck, applying to himself, Psa. xci. 13. If the pope at any time change his mind, it is presumed that God also changes his; and it is held unlawful for any one to appeal from the pope to Christ, or the Holy Scriptures. Bishop Morton has shown that almost every title which belongs to Christ, has been blasphemously applied to his holiness of Rome. (See his book, entitled "The Grand Imposture," etc.) They call him the "bridegroom of the church," a title peculiar to Christ, John iii. 29; and to be anointed with royal unction above his fellows, a thing proper only to Christ, Heb. i. 9. Pope Paul II. was termed a celestial majesty. Pius IV. "the voice and oracle of truth." Innocent VIII. was blasphemously pronounced "above all principalities and powers, and every name that is named, either in this world, or that which is to come," Eph. i. 21; 2 Thess. ii. 4—6. Pope Sextus Quintus was called "the corner-stone in Zion, proved to be precious and a sure foundation," a description proper only unto Christ, Isa. xxviii. 16; 1 Pet. ii. 6. Pope Gregory XIII. was pronounced, "the power, might, or majesty of God on earth," and again "our Lord God the Pope." And lastly, as Athanasius was called "the

light of the church," and Basil "the great light of the world," and "a sun among the stars;" so generally the title of sun has been given to many popes by their parasites and blasphemous flatterers. *Dingley.*

SKETCHES FROM REAL LIFE.—No. IV.

Most families have poor relations; and it falls to the lot of some who are "doing well in the world," to employ an unportioned niece or cousin, a decayed aunt, or an unprovided-for sister, to assist in the domestic duties of the household. Such a situation often proves a providential and happy shelter; and the kind and generous care of the prosperous relative, is often repaid by more hearty and faithful services from his dependent relation than could be expected from a hireling. Still, however, much of the comfort of each party depends upon their dispositions and behaviour. If the master of the house is a tyrant, who expects that, because he allows his poor relative to dwell under his roof, she is to perform the work of a servant for him, and she is without either the independence or the pay of a menial; if the mistress is saying, "I shall be a lady for ever," and while she scorns her poor relation, forgets that widowhood and poverty may overtake her; and hardens her heart to the affliction of her sister; if illbred perverse children are suffered to insult the sorrows of one who once had a home where she was looked up to with respect and affection, and to treat her with contempt, there will be little prospect of comfort. Where, on the other hand, the dependent relative, in the pride of her heart, enters the family, determined to see all its faults, and to put up with nothing, but to make her own views and plans the standard; here, again, discord and uneasiness will be the result; while generous and upright conduct in the master, conciliatory kindness and sympathy from the wife, respect and affection from the children, and a humble, grateful spirit and disposition to view all things in the happiest light, and put the best construction upon them, on the part of the dependent relative, would often unite such a family in happy bonds of love and mutual assistance. Such surely, would be the aim of each, were they guided by that spirit of charity which hopeth all things, and never faileth. I must here observe, that especially for those relatives who have been reduced by providential affliction from a state of independence, to owe their bread to another, much allowance should be made.

Mrs. H—, though she is now aged and thin, was once a blooming and beloved wife. Like one of old, her children were about her, and it was the study of her husband to render

her life one scene of enjoyment. Trade flourished with Mr. H—, and his too generous disposition led him to lavishness of expenditure on wife. children, house, and friends. Health seemed to promise long life, but a worm was lurking at the root; he fell ill, and died, leaving Mrs. H. and his children unprovided for. God, who is ever merciful to the widow and the fatherless, raised her up friends; her eldest son was taken into a school, kept by an intelligent and pious man, to be educated. A place for her second son was found in one of the London charitable institutions, and her little girl obtained a home with a kind and liberal patroness. The widow's hands were now at liberty, and at the instance of some of her well meaning friends, she engaged to become the general assistant, in the ill-governed family of her worldly-minded, purseproud relatives, Mr. and Mrs. B—.

Many were the mortifications of the first night on which she entered upon her new station. She had been accustomed to look for her companion's return at evening, to ring the bell for their plentiful and even luxurious meal; to see the satisfied expression of her husband's face as he cast up the accounts of the day, and told her of his good profits, and excellent bargains, to walk round and see each little chubby sleeper in its cot, and to lie down at night, independent of the world, as she fondly thought, but without a thankful heart to the Giver of all her comforts. Yes, she was unmindful of the liberal hand that fed, and clothed, and prospered her; and can we wonder that that hand should lift the rod to teach her the difficult lesson of dependence? Not invited to sit down with the family circle, and unwilling to mingle with the servants of Mrs. B. in her kitchen, her comfortless repast was brought to her by an insolent servant, who grudged the attention. She ate it alone, and had time to reflect on the past, and to send a thought after her darlings, who had no longer a father's house or a mother's watchful eye over them. The burst of vulgar wit and boisterous mirth from the parlour, as the door was opened to carry in the hot supper, led her to prefer her lonely room to such society, especially as the male part of the company thought fit continually to intersperse their language with oaths. She sat musing till the household dispersed for bed, and then retired unnoticed to her lonely pillow, where she spent the night in weeping, and rose almost in despair; to be driven about like an errand girl in her first place, by the loud, scolding, turbulent woman at the head of the family. This conduct almost broke her heart; but in her affliction she remembered her Bible, and the throne of grace. Distracted by days of insult and anguish, when "her soul was vexed within her," she learned to turn

aside with all her burdens, to Him who is as the "shadow of a great rock in a weary land," Isa. xxxii. 2.

"The sovereign Father, good and kind,
Wanted to see his child resign'd,
Wanted her yielded heart—no more
To fill it with his gifted store."

To God she yielded her heart, and gave herself to his care. She meekly bore the galling yoke of dependence and ill-treatment, and God, "not unmindful of his suffering child," opened a door of hope.

Some of her kind friends saw how miserably she was circumstanced, and came forward to place her in a small business. God gave her his blessing, and as he turned the captivity of Job, so he gave her prosperity in her basket and store. Her trade flourished, and her soul was as "a well-watered garden," bringing forth all the sweet fruits of the Spirit. She once more had a home for her dear orphans; and she never forgot, nor suffered them to forget, that—

"To God we owe our health and strength,
And wealth and safe abode."

She is now a prosperous tradeswoman, one of her sons is an exemplary Christian, and the other children are dutiful and affectionate to their beloved and widowed mother.

We now turn to another domestic scene. Young Mrs. W— was a very amiable and worthy woman; it was her desire to fulfil the duties of her station to the best of her ability. She was tenderly attached to her husband, and he appeared to be equally so to her. As the time approached when Mrs. W. expected the birth of her first child, circumstances so occurred that it was deemed desirable for Mrs. W's. mother, who was totally dependent on her only son for support, to come and live under his roof. The young wife, with great affection, received her as the mother of her dearest earthly friend. A very short time, however, after the elder Mrs. W's. arrival, she became dissatisfied with every thing around her, and constantly dejected; and though both the young people strove, by every kind attention in their power, to conciliate her favour, still she remained silent and sullen, evidently harbouring some ill feeling at heart.

The young wife became a mother, and it was hoped that the smiles of her lovely little grandson would engage the attention, and cheer the heart of the old lady; but no, she seldom visited the room where the mother and child were; and if she did, it was only to treasure up observations on every trifling incident, which could, by exaggeration and false colouring, be represented as faults to her son. The

fact was, she was thoroughly jealous of the son's affection for his wife; every act of kindness in the husband detracted in her mind from the duty of the son.

By continually taking sly opportunities of misrepresenting her daughter-in-law, she gradually led the husband, first to listen to her artful tales, and then to believe them.

The unoffending wife soon perceived that the foundation of married happiness was sapped; her husband became distrustful and severe, and the mother-in-law acted her base part so well, that a few years found the once happy young couple harbouring a rooted enmity to each other, which brought on a separation for life. What will be the reflection of such a dependent relative on her dying pillow!

Let us turn from this painful picture to a far different character.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," saith our Lord, and to one of these we revert with pleasure. Elizabeth L— is an humble Christian, depending on several members of a large family for support. She is a frequent visitor and helper at their different houses. She "has little erudition, and no wit, yet knows her Bible true," feels it to be so, and acts upon its principles. If any are sick, Elizabeth is a kind, patient, tender, and attentive nurse. She knows how to step lightly in a sick room, and to anticipate a sufferer's wants, without tormenting him with over-officiousness. She deems it right to obey a medical man's orders, instead of setting up her own judgment in defiance of him.

The female heads of the families among whom she resides, value her services highly in the needle-work department. The children all love her, and the servants speak well of Elizabeth, if they blame every one else. Her motto is, "Blessed are the peace-makers," and she may truly be said to go "about doing good."

A sad misunderstanding took place between two of her relatives, and that much to be dreaded evil, a family feud, was likely to be the result. The numerous and hitherto united branches of the family took different sides, and the evil was spreading every day; when Elizabeth, by calmly, humbly, patiently representing to each how he had mistaken the conduct of the other, at last led them to act like reasonable men, explain their conduct, clear up the misconstruction they had put on each other's behaviour, and lay aside their wrath, malice, and evil speaking. I could relate several other instances, in which this humble, pious Christian, was the means of sometimes preventing, sometimes putting a stop, to jarring and discord in her family. Who would not love and value such a dependent relative? While the little

pittance she receives is returned to the donors tenfold in acts of kindly affection, and the peaceable fruits of righteousness.

I knew an interesting young girl, who was left an orphan, with an impaired constitution. She fell into the hands of beings as insensible to the ties of nature, as to the commands of God. They were publicans, and the rude riot of the house on the sabbath and week days was little suited, either to a body sinking under slow consumption, or a mind thirsting for the water of life; and such was her case. Her relative, the landlady, was a covetous and unfeeling woman.

A lady who knew that the poor girl often laid for days with no attention to her wants or comforts, forgotten, or only remembered to be taunted with the trouble and expense she incurred, visited her. On the lady's expressing a hope that, now deprived of earthly parents, Mary would look to the Father of the fatherless, her tears rose to her eyes; she remembered that she had once a tender and dearly loved father and mother, "But they are in their graves," said she, "and, oh, the difference to me! I sometimes think if my precious mother were here, how it would ease me to lay my poor aching head upon her gentle bosom, as I used when I was a little one. Sometimes in the night, as I lie awake, I fancy that perhaps her spirit is hovering round me. I could almost imagine, that I hear her voice, and see her like a guardian angel waiting till this brittle thread of life is snapped, that she may carry me with her out of all this noise, and blasphemy, and rough treatment. Oh, I long for the time! My dear parents were poor, but they knew in whom they had believed. Christ and his cross were all their hope, and I desire humbly to trust, and safely to die on that Rock."

On the lady's next visit, she was rudely told that the doctor had given orders for no one to see Mary. These visits of mercy was thus put a stop to, and all she afterwards saw of the poor orphan was her mean funeral.

Reader, is your fireside surrounded at eventide by a merry group of beloved objects, for whom all your anxious and affectionate wishes are called forth; and is there among them one whom you have admitted as a pensioner on your love and charity, and who can lay no claim upon you as its parent, O remember that your "dear household voices" may one day be heard, like this orphan's, at the hearth of a stranger; and do unto another's child, as you would that others should do unto yours. That God who has commanded the fatherless child to trust in him, will not pass by the sin of those who tyrannize over it.

Is there one whose mean garb, timid look, and retiring behaviour, bespeaks her the daughter of affliction; who

neither the house of a husband, nor the door of a father, open to her, but is the dependent relative in your family? remember God has bidden us to open our hand liberally to our poor brother; be cautious not to wound her feelings, nor put any slight upon her; let her feel her irksome situation as little as possible; and console her as you would desire to be consoled if in her situation.

Above all, is there one in your family whose trembling hands and feeble knees, bespeak that the days are come in which there is no pleasure. One,

> "Whose withered arm and sightless eye,
> Cherished and watched your infancy."

Aged parents in their helpless old age, when they become dependent relatives, have indeed claims upon our tenderest sympathy and support. Bear with their whims and fancies; they bore with yours in childhood; they put up with much that was disagreeable, and performed many a painful task by night and day for you; it is now your turn to take care of them. And woe be to the son who does not open his purse to the extent of his means, be they humble or ample, for his aged parents supply; and woe be to the daughter, whose gentle and tender offices of gratitude and love are the sweetest balm of old age, should she grudgingly attend her mother's bed of sickness, or her father's dying pillow. Such children may expect the just indignation of the Lord to overtake them in their last days.

TRACTS AMONG THE NATIVES OF CELEBES.

In my walks and visits from house to house, I saw many intimations of that respect and honour in which females are held among the natives of Celebes, and did not fail to note it as an evidence that sin had not deprived them of everything that was amiable in their character. Besides, I never can divest my mind of the recollection of the many great things which females, in more favoured lands, have done towards the furtherance of Bible and missionary objects; and am glad to seize any glimpse of hope, that the women in these dark and much neglected places will prove a blessing to their husbands and their children, by being among the first to lay hold on the truth whenever it shall be set before them. When we called upon a Bugis prince, in the kampong Waju of Macassar, we found him sitting upon the floor, his ledger spread before him, and his wife close by his side; who, though her looks were youthful, seemed to be acting the parts of accountant and confidential clerk, and doubtless took an equal share of interest in all the mercantile specula-

tions of her husband. In the South Sea islands, and in those of which we are speaking, it is customary, when two or more persons walk together, for them to follow each other; and if one is more honourable than the rest, he takes the first place. Hence, my servant, when he wished to know whether I required him to go with me in any of my excursions, would say, "Shall your servant follow?" Now, in Macassar, when I met a company of persons of both sexes coming to town, or returning into the country, the females always walked before, while the males followed as a mark of respect; nor was it an uncommon occurrence to see the females mounted on horseback, while their husbands or male friends performed the humbler duties of groom by leading the animal.

One evening I fell in with a party of youths, who were very desirous to obtain some of my books; but, finding that none could read, I showed some reluctance to part with them. While I was talking with them, the mistress of a little cottage hard by, sent a child to bid one of the number ask me for a book, which he did in a tone that implied his respect for the individual, and his confidence that such a request would not be denied. They all assured me, with one voice, that she could read, of which I had some little proof; for she soon discovered, rather to my surprise, that I had given her only one half of the work, and sent in haste to beg the other. On another occasion, whilst I was straying amongst the shady walks of a distant village, I met with a man who remembered the taking of Macassar by the English, and who endeavoured to entertain me with a description of the several actions and skirmishes he had witnessed. When I showed him a book in the Bugis character, his countenance seemed full of delight and admiration; nor did he keep his joy to himself, but after a glance or two called his wife to share in it, with an inimitable tone of tenderness and esteem, evincing that he considered her as the partner of all his joys as well as of all his sorrows. He then read aloud, for the benefit of the neighbours, who began to cluster around us; but, as Bugis was not his native language, he now and then faltered, when his wife set him right. He adopted her corrections with extreme complacency; and, at last, when he was so bent upon giving me two little pieces of money in requital for my books, that he would not listen to my refusal, the gentle assurances of his companion, that they must be treated as presents, went so far with him that all the money was soon restored to its lodging in the box from which it had been taken.—*Notes made during a Voyage in the Malayan Archipelago, by G. T. Lay.*

It is thus betwixt God and us: He sees the way to tame us is to hold us short of these earthly contentments; even the savagest beasts are made quiet and docile with want of food and rest. O God, thou only knowest what I would do if I had health, ease, abundance; do thou, in thy wisdom and mercy, so proportion thy gifts and restraints as thou knowest best for my soul. If I be not humbled enough, let me want; and so order all my estate, that I may want anything save thyself.

UPON THE SIGHT OF AN OLD UNTHATCHED COTTAGE.

There cannot be a truer emblem of crazy old age; than mouldered and clay walls, a thin uncovered roof, bending studs, dark and broken windows; in short, a house ready to fall on the head of the in-dweller. The best body is but a cottage: if newer and better timbered, yet it is such as age will equally impair and make thus ragged and ruinous; or, before that, perhaps casualty of fire or tempest, or violence of an enemy. One of the chief cares of men is to dwell well: some build for themselves fair but not strong; others build for posterity, strong, but not fair not high; but happy is that man that builds for eternity, as strong, as fair, as high, as the glorious contignations of heaven.—*Bp. Hall.*

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO MOTHERS.

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, the sun was shining brightly, and the birds were singing among the trees around Susan Taylor's cottage. Everything looked cheerful outside, and all was clean and comfortable within doors. Susan was engaged with her needlework, but she looked up frequently to watch her children in their merry play, and she could not help saying to herself, "How very happy I am, how very thankful I ought to be! God has given me these dear children, and hitherto he has prospered my efforts for their good; and I have every reason to hope they will grow up to be my comfort in future years. Just at this moment Susan's neighbour, Mary, called to speak with her. She too had a little family at home, but they were a sad source of trouble and anxiety to her, and she often said she wished with all her heart, her children were like Susan's. Perhaps

they might have become so, had she brought them up in the same manner, for Susan's children were not naturally better than others; but whilst Susan managed her family wisely and well, her neighbour went on from day to day without any regular plan, always in trouble and confusion, always discontented and unhappy. However, Mary was really anxious to improve, and she often came to Susan for advice and assistance, as on the present occasion.

Mary. I wish you would tell me, Susan, how you manage your children, for they always seem orderly, good tempered, and cheerful.

Susan. I fear you must not say always, Mary, though I cannot but allow that my children are a great comfort to me, and we are very happy together. I endeavour to manage my children well, and I try very much to manage *myself*; for experience has led me to believe that the welfare of a family depends greatly upon the character and conduct of the mother, and there is one rule which I try to keep constantly in my mind, "Every mother should be herself a pattern of industry, order, and good temper." I endeavour to go on quickly and steadily with my duties, and to keep all things in order; I encourage my children to be industrious also, and I try very much to be always gentle, patient, and kind.

Mary. Well, Susan, if that is your rule, I am sure it must be a good one, for I never saw a family happier than yours; but now I want you to tell me particularly how you manage your children. I am sure a mother ought to be industrious, for she has so many duties to fulfil; and I believe that order is necessary to keep a house comfortable, for I suppose that it is your orderly ways which make everything around you so clean and tidy. But why need a mother be particularly good tempered?

Susan. Because children require so much self-denying attention, so much patience, forbearance, and gentleness, that it is impossible for a mother to manage her family well, except she has her own temper under good control. Besides, it is necessary for a mother to set before her family an example of all that is excellent and christian-like in temper and disposition; for children are quick observers, and often catch, as it were, the spirit of those around them. Let me earnestly advise, Mary, that you seek to become

people, and other men for loose and profane, and so they love their own societies for this which they mistake for holiness: and instead of that uniting love, which is holiness indeed, they grow into factious enmity to others, reproaching them, and rejoicing in their hurt, as taking them for the enemies of God. *Baxter.*

OLD FASHIONED PEOPLE.

There are few of us who have lived long in the world who have not fallen in with old fashioned people. Men and women who seem by their dress, and language, and behaviour to belong to days gone by. I have known some pious people of this cast, who seemed, by their simple manners and patriarchal spirit, better fitted for the days of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, than for modern times.

You may talk to people of this stamp as long as you will about the changes that have taken place in the manners and customs of mankind, but you will not persuade them to change their's. No! no! Among "the sundry and manifold changes of the world their hearts are surely fixed where true joys are alone to be found," and their eyes are turned to Him who changeth not, but is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

"What does it matter," say they, "if our speech is not quite grammatical, so that we know the language of Canaan? and what if these garments, that wrap up our poor, perishing bodies, be not of the newest fashion, we expect to have white robes by and by, and then we shall look as well as our neighbours?"

You may smile, perhaps, at their large pockets, and long skirted coats, their high stays, and long waisted gowns, but, as they go along, you do not doubt for a moment that they are Zion-bound pilgrims, and that they are in the direct road to the celestial city.

It was only the other day that I had a friendly trimming from one of this class, for having ventured to hint that a little more attention to new modes and methods would do her no harm. The trimming she gave me was pretty much after this fashion:—

"Yes! yes! you want me to be new fangled, but it will not do; I must speak plain old fashioned truths in a

plain old fashioned way, for it was in that way they were taught to me. The sun and moon are old fashioned enough for the matter of that, but there is nothing brighter that the eye can gaze upon; the blessed book of truth, the Bible, is old fashioned, and where will you get another like it? Say what you will, I like old fashioned things; you may tell me that old fashioned nets will not catch new fashioned birds, but God's word in God's good time will work wonders. It is an old fashioned heaven that you and I want to get to; and we must go there in the old fashioned way which all the patriarchs, apostles, and martyrs have trod. Christ is the way, and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

STRENGTH OF A TEXT OF SCRIPTURE.

How often have I found a text of Scripture prove a word in season to my heart! How often have I dashed away a tear with this thought—"Endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ," 2 Tim. ii. 3. Every Zion-bound pilgrim should have his wallet well stored with Scripture precepts and promises, for they will be meat and drink to him on his journey homeward.

THE LAST SERMON.

On the Lord's day evening, July 4, 1841, Mrs. ——, of —— street, Homerton, attended as usual her place of worship, in a state little differing from her usual health. She occupied her accustomed seat. The introductory part of the service having been gone through, the preacher gave out his text from Isa. lv. 7: "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." Before preaching he remarked, "Were I asked for a descriptive title for the text, I should call it, 'God's Call to the Unconverted,'" adding, "and to some here it may prove a last call, perhaps the last sermon for me to preach. Hearer! perhaps the last sermon for you to hear: therefore let these solemn probabilities be motives to urge us to speak and hear, as those who may never speak or hear again."

In the spirit of a dying man to dying men, the sermon was preached. At the close of the application of the sermon, the preacher addressed the unconverted thus:—"Unconverted sinner! that time-piece" (pointing to it) "reminds me that it is

now a quarter past eight o'clock—solemn probability! perhaps before a quarter past nine, the souls of some who have sat here to-night will have passed into eternity, having heard their last sermon. Unconverted sinner! in case it should be you, I, in the words of my text, exhort you, wicked and unrighteous soul, forsake your sins, and now turn unto the Lord who has said 'He will have mercy,' and to our God who has said 'He will abundantly pardon.'" Immediately following which, a voice said, "Sir, she is gone, she is dead; the poor woman is dead in the passage." Inquiry followed; it was Mrs.——. Unobserved by the preacher, she had left the place, reached the outside of the door, from whence her spirit fled; she was found dead. She had heard her last sermon.

My reader, you must hear a last sermon; yes, whoever you are, preacher or hearer, parent or child, rich or poor, old or young, converted or unconverted, moral or depraved, learned or unlearned, a last sermon must be preached to you, a last sermon must be heard by you. And though many by their deportment while in the house of God, and by their loudly speaking lives out of the house of God, deny or seem to deny the fact, nevertheless the truth is a truth still, that you, my reader, must hear a last sermon. God grant that you may hear it for yourself, and not (as many do) for another.

Your next may be your last—I mean the one you anticipate next hearing; perhaps during this week, perhaps next sabbath. Solemn thought! perhaps it may be the one you are about to hear this morning, this afternoon, this evening. Are these assertions possibilities? then I beseech you, as you enter your place of worship, and take your seat, think—"Perhaps I have now come here, to hear my last sermon." And if you cannot positively say you will ever hear another, you must, however reluctantly, admit that your next may be your last.

Perhaps you have heard your last. Methinks I hear you exclaim, "What! me heard my last sermon! What, am I to hear no more sermons; see no more displayed the future glories of the blessed! hear no more thundered forth the horrors of the damned! what!" Reader, startle not thus, but in a state of sober-mindedness hear repeated, a probability not dependent on your either receiving or rejecting it, that perhaps you have heard your last sermon. But further, are you prepared to hear your last? I mean, is your soul in the waiting posture of one to whom his Lord has said, "I go to prepare a place for you, and when I have prepared you for that place I will come again, and take you to be with me; but as it is not meet (good or best) for you to know when I come, I say unto you, Watch, so that I come not upon you unawares."

My brother, my sister, is it so with thee? then "it is well." You are prepared to hear your last sermon, as by you it will be received as from the lips of your Lord, in the spirit of "Even so, come Lord Jesus."

Do you hear each as your last? Perhaps you say, "What, would you have me always thinking about death? would you have me always wretched and miserable?" Do you say so? I reply, you understand me not, and much less the religion of that book, the Bible, whose every way is pleasantness and cheerfulness, as opposed to lightsomeness and frivolity; and whose every path is peace, true peace, the peace of God, as opposed to the carnal false peace of nominal professors and men of the world. Are you walking in these ways? Are you the possessor of this peace? Then for you to hear each sermon as your last, will tend to increase your happy, happy state; may I not say blessed state? by impelling you unhesitatingly to receive the news of your glorious high calling, and urging you to an instant and unqualified obedience to all those duties which are by God inseparably connected with such a state. But do you not so hear, be careful that your last sermon be not preached to an unhearing ear. Finally, what use have you made of your last? It was a means of grace; all God's ordinances are designed as such. Believer! was it so to your soul? Then it was as another ripening ray of the harvest sun. You are more holy, humble, useful, happy; yes, happy, as being willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with your Lord. Sinner! unconverted sinner! I mean you who have never had the disposition to hate God and his saints, and love to sin and sinners, changed into one of love to God and his people, and hatred to Satan and his ways, (which is the simple meaning of being "regenerated," "born again," "converted," etc.) I ask you, what use have you made of your last sermon? Do you remain in the same state of soul enmity, ease, and contentment, as before hearing it? Then you have rejected God's mercy then and therein offered, you have despised God's wrath therein threatened by that man of God, whom you last heard preach a sermon. Suppose it to be your last: you are about to die; you will never see or hear him again, until you see and hear him (yes, the same man) at the dread day of judgment, when all things will be brought to your remembrance connected with your last sermon. The time, the place, the seat, the persons by whose side you sat—awful, overwhelmingly awful reflection, perhaps it may then be shown that you heard your last sermon in a pew by the side of a God-fearing partner, parent, child, or friend! The preacher, the text, the sermon, the exposition, the application, the invitations, the threatenings; the

preacher's prayers, and perhaps the tears with which he implored you to be reconciled to God; your conviction, perhaps your tears, and your broken resolutions. Yes, reader, all these things will be brought to your remembrance at the day of judgment; and forget not, your disbelieving or ridiculing it will not make it the less certain; no, not one jot or tittle. And, solemn reality! unconverted reader, the knowledge of the contents of this address will be there; its writer will be there; and you—yes, you, its reader, will be there; to whom, if you are unconverted, and so die, the Judge, the Lord Jesus Christ will say, "Because I called, and ye refused; I stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof, I say unto you, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels; where the worm of remorse dieth not; where the fire of God's wrath is never quenched." See Prov. i. 24, 25; Matt. xxv. 41; Mark ix. 44.

Reader, dear reader, this solemn judgment and awful doom will of a certainty then be passed upon the unconverted; yes, it will take place then, but now is an accepted time. Now is a day, an hour, a moment of salvation. Now God says, "As I live, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked," Ezek. xxxiii. 11. Now He says, "Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon." He is willing, by and through a cordial reception of the doings and sayings of the Lord Jesus Christ, to save you. Faith in him is the one and only way of salvation. Through him God can be the just and the justifier of the ungodly; therefore "Behold the Lamb of God;" look on him, and be ye saved from your sins, from the power of Satan, from the woes of hell, the inevitable consequences of a rejected last sermon.

SLIGO.

A SCRIPTURE reader, from the Irish Evangelical Society, writes to a friend:—"I am sure you will be highly gratified to know with what pleasure the tracts, called "The Way to be Healthy and Happy," which you were pleased to give me for distribution, were received by the Roman Catholics. As you are aware of Father Mathew's coming to Sligo, for the purpose of administering the temperance pledge, I would just mention, that many took the pledge from the excitement of the moment, without, in the least degree, considering the evil of intemperance as they ought. With many of these I afterwards conversed, and they expressed their sorrow for

having taken the pledge, as they saw no evil in taking a glass. I often wished that I had a tract written exclusively on the subject of the evil of intemperance, that I might distribute it among those with whom I daily come in contact. I met with nothing to answer my purpose, until I saw the tract mentioned above, in your house, with which you so kindly supplied me. A few days after I got them, I put some of them in my pocket, and went to the country. As I was going along the road, I met a man returning from the field in which he had been at work. 'Did you take a pledge?' said I. 'Yes,' said he. I then took out my tract, read page 10 to him, and gave him the tract, for which he thanked me. I went to another Roman Catholic family, and told them of my tract. The woman of the house said, that nine in that house took the pledge. A group gathered round me, and I read part of the tract to them; and, by the way, I spoke to them for half an hour, pointing them to Jesus as the sinner's friend. I had an attentive hearing, which very likely I should not have got were it not for the tract. I went to another Roman Catholic man, and gave him the tract. I went to this country about a fortnight afterwards, and was told that this man went to the neighbouring houses, reading the tract to them. When I was returning home on the first evening, the man to whom I gave the tract in the morning called after me, saying, 'That was a fine tract you gave me.' 'Did you read it?' said I. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and I was delighted with it.' I travelled through a good part of the country, and in every place I visited, the teetotalers were delighted with the tract. What you gave me have been long since distributed, and many are inquiring for them, but I cannot supply them. If I had a thousand of them, I could distribute them among Roman Catholics and drunken Protestants."

I AM THAT I AM.

Suitable for the close of the Year.

When Moses was ordered by God to lead the children of Israel out of Egypt, he asked God what name he should mention him by to that people, in order to dispose them to obey him; and God answered, "I Am that I am," and bade him tell them, "I Am hath sent me unto you." He did not answer Moses, I am the Great, the Living, the True, the everlasting God. He did not say, I am the Almighty Creator, Preserver, and Governor of the whole world; but that "I Am that I am;" intimating that if Moses desired such a name of God, as might fully describe his nature as in itself, that is a thing impossible, there being no words to be found in any language wherebv to express the glory of

infinite Being, especially, so as that finite creatures should be able fully to conceive it. Yet, however, in these words, he is pleased to acquaint us what kind of thoughts he would have us entertain of him. Insomuch, that could we but rightly apprehend what is couched under, and intended by them, we should doubtless have as high and true conception of God as it is possible for creatures to have. Hence, therefore, when he speaks of himself with respect to his creatures, and more especially to his people, He saith, I Am. He doth not say, I am their light, their life, their guide, their strength, their God; but only, I Am. He sets, as it were, his hand to a blank, that his people may write under it what they please that is good for them. As if he should say, Are they weak? I am strength. Are they poor? I am riches. Are they in trouble? I am comfort. Are they sick? I am health. Are they dying? I am life. Have they nothing? I am all things. I am wisdom and power; I am justice and [illegible]; I am grace and goodness; I am glory, beauty, and [illegible]; I am whatsoever is suitable to their nature or convenient to them in their several conditions. Whatsoever is [illegible], or desirable unto them, that I am; whatsoever is [illegible] and holy, whatsoever is great or pleasant, whatsoever is good and needful to make men happy, that I am. So that, in short, God here represents himself unto us as universal good, and leaves us to make the application of it to [illegible], according to our several wants, capacities, and [illegible] by saying only in general, I Am. There is, therefore, more solid joy and comfort, more real delight and satisfaction of mind in one single thought of God, rightly [illegible], than all the riches and honours and pleasures of this world, [illegible] them altogether, are able to afford.

[illegible] us then, call in all our scattered thoughts from all [illegible] and raise them up, and unite them all [illegible] the most High God. But seeing we [illegible] so highly as he is, let us think of him [illegible]. And for that end let us get above our[illegible] the world, and raise up our thoughts, high[illegible] higher, and higher still; and when we have got [illegible] as high as possible we can, let us apprehend a [illegible] higher than the highest of them, and then [illegible] amazed and confounded, let us [illegible] and hearty desires to be freed from [illegible] wherein we are now immured, that we [illegible] and there, through the [illegible] Saviour see this infinite Being face [illegible]

[illegible] Duke-street, Lambeth.